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“FIELD SONGS OF CHHATTISGARH”

By S. C. Dube

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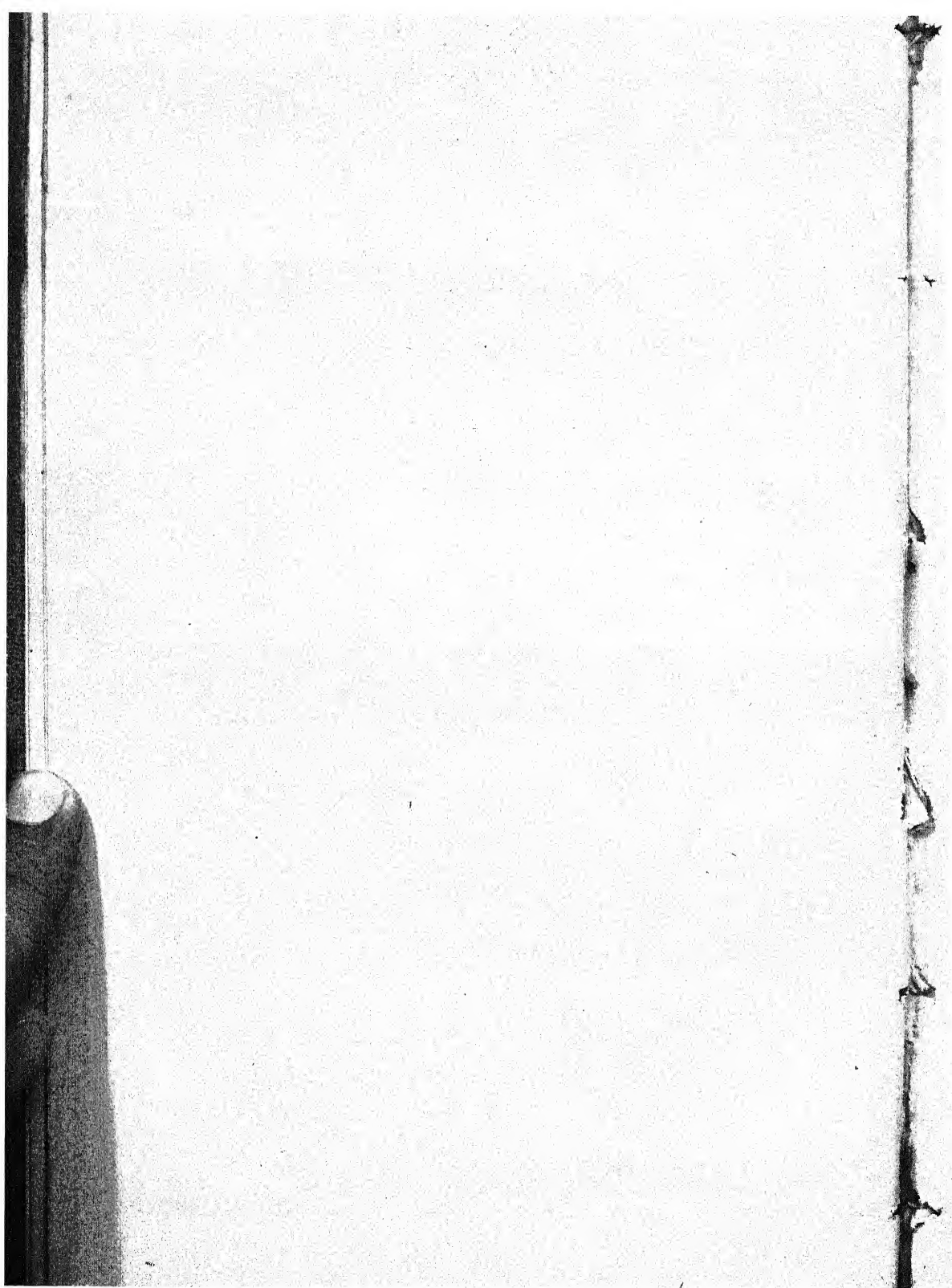


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The United Provinces-A Cultural Mosaic.

I

It was midday in the month of May. The sun was hot and the earth steaming. I was winding my way through a field towards an aboriginal village in Singbhum in Bihar, my camp for the day. There was none to be seen anywhere, even the cattle were resting under the mango trees in front of the village. Another furlong to go and I was very thirsty. I had no water on me as I was travelling light that day. The dark outline of the village in front made me speed up. As I neared the village, I heard a dull and confused noise coming out, and I hastened towards the village in the direction of the noise. Two brothers were quarrelling, their wives trying to pacify them while the children gathered round were crying in fear. It was an usual brawl in which the neighbours did not take any interest. I entered the courtyard and asked for a glass of water. The scene changed, the brothers forgot their quarrel and joined in their request to one of the women present to get the water. An earthen pitcher was brought out, a brass lota was handed over to the woman by a child, the woman started cleaning the lota, she made it shining and then washed her hands. When everything was ready, I was asked by her to pour water from the pitcher. I asked the woman to do it, she looked round, there was a smile on every face and the water flowed sparkling into the glass, the whole crowd anxious to help. 'One more lota' asked the woman, 'One more lota' echoed the husband and I thanked them all, sat with them, chatted with the brothers. There was no sign of bitterness between the latter, perfect little hosts, were they not? I thought it was culture, it was sweetness.

On another occasion, I was late in reaching a Gond village in the Bastar State, Central Provinces. My luggage was following me. It was midnight. The village was on the bank of a river, the otherside was a thick forest and our route lay through the latter. I decided to rest in the village for the night. There was no house to accommodate us, not even a hut. It was October, the cold was on its way down the plateau and the chill of the night gathering. I looked round and found a group of Gonds that had assembled there and were watching me. They belonged to the Dandami Maria clan and were infamous for murder and human sacrifice. That was the traditional story about them, handed over by generations of officials who administered these people. One man in the crowd, about 30 years of age, more communicative than the rest asked me to follow him. I looked at my assistants, they looked at me and we followed together. The man entered his house, whispered something to his wife who was in bed, there was a rustling of the cloth and a jingle of trinkets, she walked out with her husband, gay and happy, all smiling. We were then showed the room. There was nothing in it, no furniture, no bed, a few utensils, all made of earth and two low stones, these serving as pillows which nightly breathed sleep to the couple and shared the little joys and sorrows, the cooing and humming of songs. We were delighted at the prospect of a snug little corner where we could rest our tired legs but we were sorry to deprive the couple what we so eagerly looked for. We slept all of us, such sleep as we never slept before, and the couple also slept coiled round under a tree in the courtyard, the gloom of the night coupled with the quiet of a lone hut spread its canvas to receive their tired bodies. Early in the morning the lady of the house was waiting outside with a pitcher full of water for our wash and brush up, a pot containing their national beer, a substitute for tea, all this and more

they did for us. If this is not culture what is it ?

Like the word race, culture has also been used in various senses. Mathew Arnold defined culture as 'sweetness and light'. Some have used culture as synonymous with civilisation, others its efflorescence. If culture is the efflorescence of civilisation, those who do not come within its ken must necessarily be without culture. The difference between man and animal is culture, for man is a 'tool making' and 'institution making' animal, the latter as we know have neither tools nor institutions. The qualities that distinguish man from other animals are his capacity to learn by experience, his group life and his power of speech or language which conveys his thoughts and emotions. If culture is sweetness or reasonableness, the savage is very often the embodiment of both, for ungoverned violence in savage society is a myth, on the other hand there is a spontaneity and uniformity in tribal life however remote it may be from civilisation. This is why anthropologists define culture as the sum total of our knowledge, beliefs, customs, practices, law, religion, morality and all other capabilities of man and ascribes culture to the most savage of tribes and the role of anthropology is to study people at all levels of cultural development.

Civilisation in its accepted sense begins with the invention of writing and with literary records and is preceded by barbarism and savagery. Whether such schemes of cultural evolution could be worked out is a matter of opinion and the distinctions outlined in such schemes, are taken to be too arbitrary to have any practical application. Civilisation has started with the control of food supply as without the production of food and the necessities of life on a scale adjusted to the requirements of the people, no cultural progress is possible. Civilisation must also include the production of comforts, works of art, literary and plastic, building up of scientific knowledge, development of per-

sonality, rise of world industries and world trade and increased tempo of life characteristic of urban life, incidence of diseases, insanity and other cacogenic factors as they are known today.

No civilisation has sprung up out of a vacuum and none can ignore the foundation which is deeply rooted in the cultural life of the people whatever levels of development the various social groups may represent. Each particular stage of culture is the product of an earlier one in which the germs of progress could survive and flourish to produce the tree and foliage that provide the canopy of peace. The direction of progress also is not arbitrary though chance variation and mutation must have determined the character and personality of particular cultures as we find them today. Violent catastrophies, like earthquakes, volcanic eruptions, climatic changes, such as continual dessication, or shifting of sands from the sea which has buried cities and ruined civilisations, soil erosion and excessive precipitation, all natural or physiographic causes have destroyed cultures or scattered people; but in any particular region which has been inhabited by successive generations of people, from the savage to the civilised, there must be a continuity of cultures each of which must have assimilated customs and practices from its predecessor or built on a foundation more primitive and original than itself. To ignore such realities is to divorce cultures from their moorings which ultimately must disintegrate or degenerate to a level inconsistent with the status which they have a legitimate claim to belong.

II

In India, the political divisions into provinces do not correspond to culture areas or linguistic zones. The needs of administration and the historic relations between territories

decided the formation of provinces and each province today represents different racial groups, blends and combinations out of them, and various levels of culture inbred or outbred. Except Orissa which has recently been carved out on linguistic and cultural basis and Bengal where more than fifty millions of people speak the same language and share more or less the same cultural heritage, the rest of the Provinces are bilingual or polylingual. Nor is it the difference in language alone that is to be reckoned with. Each linguistic group has its cultural heritage which it has preserved by isolation achieved through language. The United Provinces is also a bilingual province where Urdu and Hindi are the spoken languages, the urban centres having developed a common dialect with two distinct scripts, in some Urdu dominates over Hindi, in some Hindi dominates over Urdu while in the rural parts either Hindi or Urdu is spoken though more people speak Hindi than Urdu. The castes or social groups which had been more associated with the Muslim rule still speak Urdu while the cultivating Thakurs or Brahmins speak Hindi, Purviya or otherwise.

The United Provinces contain two distinct political regions, viz., Agra and Oudh and there is a lot of historic ties between the two areas, though there exist differences which are geographical, social and economic. Oudh has a distinct culture, an agrarian system and a sedentary population with a feudal social hierarchy. Climatically the eastern United Provinces is more damp and moist than the western parts of the province. The eastern districts produce rice, the western wheat and this fact alone must produce cultural differences of great significance. Rice cultivation is determined by abundant rainfall while wheat flourishes in dry parts, the world's wheat belt being all located in areas with a rainfall below 32 inches per annum. Rice raising parts are more densely populated and that is

why the eastern districts have a higher density than those of the west, the reason being that rice with its possible two or three crops a year can maintain more people than wheat barley or sago put together.

The northern districts of the United Provinces border the cis-Himalayas; the cold and bleak hills of the north provide home to a thrifty and conservative population whose affinity with the rest of the province is political rather than cultural or even racial. The high caste people of these parts, the Brahmins and Rajputs are the Khasas whose migrations and achievements are recorded in the Vedas and the Epics while a large section of the Brahmins can claim their origin to Maharastra and Gujarat from where they have filtered in by families during the last three hundred years or so. The Khasas still show traces of a matriarchal social organisation, practice inter-caste marriage and stick to fraternal polyandry, an unique institution which is probably Aryan in conception and not borrowed from the non-Aryan people as is commonly supposed. The eastern districts affiliate both in racial complexion and in culture to the western parts of Bihar and under the influence of a rice economy and an agrarian distribution based on it, it has developed a pattern of culture which is very much different from the central or western districts. Rice cultivation has everywhere produced a sort of joint tenure of land, a cooperative farming, a joint living and worship, while wheat with its prospects as a commercial crop has developed individualism which has been reflected in the customary rules of succession and inheritance. The moist damp and inhospitable climate of the Tarai which fringes the eastern border of the province as far as Nepal has had an enervating influence on the people and the poverty and incompetence that one meets in these parts result from inertia and fatalism that stifle human initiative. The rich soil and wet climate, however, have encouraged cultivation of sugarcane and the

localisation of the sugar industry in these parts has reoriented the economic life of the peasantry in recent years.

The southern districts, particularly Mirzapur is coterminous with the Chota Nagpur plateau and provide home to innumerable tribal groups which are racially akin to the main stem of proto-Australoid people inhabiting the plateau. The distribution of forests in the United Provinces is extremely sparse and uneven and the percentage of the area under forests is certainly insufficient, but where forests are found, remnants of primitive races have scattered themselves, and today they live either as segregated tribes, or they have been assimilated by invading groups or live an emasculated life by adopting an economy to which they have been forced consequent to their maladaptation or disintegration of their indigenous cultural life.

The western districts of the Province bordering the eastern Punjab are culturally linked based on a wheat economy, so much so that there is hardly anything that distinguishes the people of the two provinces. The shortage of women in the eastern districts of the Punjab, due probably to hypergamy is normally met by migration of women from the western districts of the U. P. as the census figures (1931) showed the extent of casual migration by marriage, for more women migrate to Punjab than men, a fact which is not explained by the peculiar conditions of Indian demography. In India racial status descends from the west to the east and the custom of hypergamy practised by those with a claim to higher racial status who prefers to take women from those they regard as inferior to giving their own women to the latter reduces the normal parity between the sexes to an artificial disparity.

In the centre of the province and in its domed cities and larger towns dwell a mixed population of Hindus and Muslims, the latter partly because of their inferior numerical strength and partly because of their status as the ruling

classes, filtered into cities and towns where they built up an urban civilisation encouraged art and architecture and worked out a common political goal.

From a racial point of view, the United Provinces possess a mixed population. From the Brahmins to the Doms and Chamars, there is a gradual lowering of the racial status till we come to the aboriginal tribes of proto-Australoid stock in Mirzapur and the Mongoloid Tharus of the Tarai. Again, as we ascend the scale of cultural precedence from the tribes to the castes, from the most primitive Korwas of Mirzapur or the cognate Cheros and the Bhuiyas who share the same land with the former, to the Brahmins, we find the racial difference taking shape till the Brahmins appear to belong to a distinct racial constellation. But between the Brahmins and the militant Thakurs or the trading Khattris, between the latter and the Ahirs, Kurmis and other artisan castes and between the Kahar and the tribal groups there is little to constitute them as separate racial constellations, a fact that made Sir Herbert Risley describe the people of this province as Aryo-Dravidian, a mixed population whose social status varies with the shape and form of the nose.

The tribal Korwas and other aboriginal groups represent one culture area or zone characterised by a system of territorial organisation, a primitive economy based on hunting superseded in recent years by a crude type of agriculture combined with magical rites and practices, animistic beliefs that keep the people constantly alert and attentive to the imaginary needs of a hostile spirit world, and a communal life whose solidarity is reflected in communal feasts and festivals, in folk culture, *Karma* dances and songs that still lull the people into security. The eastern districts provide a culture largely rural in character with the eastern Doms and the Mongolian Tharus and Bhoksas providing the two tribal outposts, the rest of the people belong to a

number of inferior castes, largely mixed with the tribal elements, while the apex of the social pyramid is held by the cultivating Brahmins who conform to the pattern of culture that has developed by the intermixture of cultures with or without racial admixtures. While the Doms claim a mythological descent, the Tharus trace themselves from mixed marriages between the Rajput women and their servants probably of Bhil origin. The folk art of the Tharus depicts the full and free life they had lived in their premigration homes and the freedom of movement to which the women were accustomed to still survives in the amazonian life the Tharu women find delight in. They hunt, they fish, they move freely from village to village and people the markets and fairs, keeping their menfolk in suspense and subservience. The various layers of culture that one finds in these parts can be traced to successive migrations of races from all directions, and the conflict of cultures must have resolved itself by the spread of Buddhism which united the various cultural groups into a mosaic as it were. A survey of the cultural stratigraphy of this part may help towards reconstruction of the social history of the various castes of the area as many of the castes from their physical features appear to have a mixed descent.

The mountainous belt to the north of the Province winds itself through the Tarai to the foothills of the Siwalik and include Garhwal and Kumaon, the entire cis-Himalayan region inhabited by three racial strains; the Mongolian from the north and the Indo-Aryan from the west, probably from the foothills of the Hindukush, have mixed in varying proportions with a proto-Australoid element which is the basic racial strata in these parts and is known by the generic name, Dom. We are not sure if the matriarchal matrix without which the polyandry of this area could not have developed should be traced to the Doms or the Mongolians but that can be ascertained by a closer study of the

customs and practices of the area. The polyandry of the Khasas which includes the Brahmins and the Rajputs, the system of inheritance which puts the eldest son in virtual possession of the ancestral property, the feudal type of social economy, the spirit of freedom and abandon that the folk songs of these parts so faithfully depict, all are reflected in the folk culture, in the professional and institutional dances of the Naik women, in periodical fairs and festivals while the majesty of nature, the lofty crowns of the hills, the periodical blizzards on the hill tops and the terraces they have so skilfully dug out for agriculture, all have contributed to a sense of sublimity and devotion reflected in a multigod pantheon which is at once their strength and weakness. The rigid adherence to customary life, the tenacity with which they cling to their traditional rites and rituals, find their echoes in masked dances and recitals, in their folk art and architecture, the storeyed houses and stone walls and in their moral code one for men and another for women.

In the centre and in the sparsely inhabited plateaus, in Bundelkhand and adjacent areas are found scattered a large number of nomadic, vagrant and criminal tribes who number about two millions and whose menace to the countryside has always baffled police vigilance. The problem of rehabilitating the tribes and weaning them away from their career of crime are being tackled by the administration. The heroic struggles, the people of these parts have waged against the Muslim power in Delhi have been immortalised in their folk songs and much of their cultural life finds expression in their folk literature, all awaiting to be put together and recorded before they are lost or forgotten. The achievements of the Rajputs which find mention in earlier accounts, in the Annals of Rajasthan, for example, the bravery and fortitude displayed by them in the medieval days, the sufferings that their womenfolk

went through, are sung even today all over the countryside and any nation would feel proud of this oral literature that pass from mouth to mouth to instil confidence in their strength and give direction to their cultural life.

The rest of the province is inhabited by a medley of castes, interior and exterior, who own kinship both in race and culture to one another. Anyone who moves from district to district, from its modern cities to the smaller towns from the urban centres to the rural parts, must find the culture of the province a bit paradoxical. On the one hand we find a highly urbanised life with its infinite attractions, its varieties of gaieties, from the lazy fight of the '*bater*' and '*tetar*' to the Mushaira and Kavi Sammelan, and serious lyrical poetry competitions which attract admiring crowds, on the other, we have a solid and confident rural life with its conservative moorings deeply rooted in history. The paradox becomes more clear when for example, one compares the highly conventionalised Lucknow life with its leisurely pace and flippant recreations, the formalities and gossips skilfully woven into highly flown Urdu spoken with sonorous and sweet accents and cadences, the immaculate dress of men in '*Sherwani* and '*Pyjama*', the customs of elaborate feasts and festivities sprinkled with '*attar*' and a liberal distribution of '*pan* and '*tamaku*', with the militant Thakurs of the villages in the neighbourhood who care for little or no education but are the proprietary bodies in the villages, or say with the cultivating Brahmins whose outlook has not changed since the days of the epics when the plough was the symbol of peace and the tool of security. Again, we find the same paradox when we compare the traditional ways of the castes and tribes, the wild Rajis of Ascot in Almora with their indigenous system of invisible barter or the inbred Korwas who do not respect any prohibited degree of relationship in marriage, the Tharus whose women control their menfolk and even maltreat their hus-

bands, the Khasa who share wife with their brothers, the Kayasthas who have adopted the court manners, dress and food of their Muslim masters whom they served and who even today maintain a dominant share in the services and the professions as the most literate caste in the province, and lastly the orthodox Brahmins who would not touch food without a dip in the Ganges, and the hundred and one religious sects, mendicants and Sadhus whose annual meet on the banks of the Ganges has inspired millions to service and sacrifice.

On the one hand we have the tempo of industrial life as in Cawnpore with its palaces and giant factories, crowded Bustees, insanitary dwellings, high infant mortality, trade unions and a growing middle class poised between perpetual strifes and labour unrest and a contented class of employers and entrepreneurs, a panorama of life from the cradle to the grave, on the other hand we have Benares, the holy city of the east, the citadel of ancient learning, where knowledge is sought for the sake of understanding, where peace of mind is still compatible with poverty, where the soul of man has been freed from the mire of superstitions and sensuality and where ignorance gives place to the splendour of resplendent knowledge, 'the nothingness of the uttermost withdrawnness' as Sister Nivedita has described Siva's eternal pursuit. Nowhere in India, there is such poverty and competence as in Benares, nowhere perhaps the stature of man has been higher than in the city of the Gods, the trident of Vishwanath embracing the minaret of the great mosque, proclaiming to the world the fact of spiritual unity of mankind.

Such is the mosaic that the United Provinces represent and in any scheme of cultural reconstruction the spirit of the Province must be rehabilitated in flesh and blood to infuse and enthuse the people with all that culture stands for.

III

The Next Step In Folk Culture.

The first thing that strikes a field investigator who goes to a people to study them, armed with theories, dogmas and may-be preconceptions as Prof. Malinowski put it, is the conflict that exists between what he knows already and what he sees in actual life. There are two alternatives for him, either he must set down to clear the debris of unsound dogmas and undefinable concepts from the floor of historical reality which must be an up-hill task and may be difficult to achieve, the other is to unlearn what he has learnt and immerse himself in reality, the imponderables of life as they are lived by the people he wants to know of. The latter method is advocated by some, particularly in the field of art and music, as the novice is first made to unlearn what he has learnt or mislearnt and then proceed to learn what he should. In the study of culture whether it be primitive or advanced there is a continuity of existence, so much so that the past is often understood in terms of the present and the present in terms of the past so that a divorce from the past can hardly be conceived. The prepotency of the past is so great in tribal society that some tribes do not and will not do anything that was not done before by the ancestors of the clan or of the tribe. The past of a tribe can only be known from what has been recorded of it as most of the tribal or backward groups do not have a script and have not themselves recorded their achievements. It is therefore necessary that the field worker must be well versed in the literature on tribal life and culture and must be prepared to verify his knowledge by testing what he knows, so that he can throw new light or new interpretation to what is known. The first requisite of a field investigator is a thorough knowledge of literature on the people he wants to study. It may be that a parti-

cular tribe he chooses to investigate may not have any literature on it, but that does not absolve him from the obligation as there must be similar tribes whose cultural life must have been the subject of intensive study by competent field investigators.

The second requisite is a knowledge of the methodology he should follow. There are various approaches to the study of culture. A good deal of attention has been paid by early anthropologists to the study of culture which could throw light on the past history of a people. The historical school aimed at the reconstruction of the hypothetical past and although the efforts of the school did not lead to very tangible results the accounts of savage societies that were compiled by them give us not merely the 'quaint and grotesque' customs and practices of primitive people, but also a picture of the historical transition or culture change. The diffusionist school has studied the migration of culture from particular centre of origin and though we may discount the non-serious charge against the school that drinking of water originated in Egypt and spread to other parts of the world, a lot of data on historic and protohistoric migrations of our culture can be picked up which would illumine the dark corners of our cultural life. The functional approach to culture again, has its limitations but if proper care is taken to avoid pitfalls as it must be taken, any tribal culture will be an absorbing interest for the field investigator and he can work out an integrated system of culture by linking trait with trait and evaluating the role of specific items of culture. The methodology developed by the Boas-Benedict school in America is also full of significance as the study of the pattern of a culture, its configuration, may fortify a field investigator against rash and uninformed generalisations, for each cultural item can be tested against the background of the pattern and its strength and weakness with reference to the pattern may

be assessed with competence.

The third requisite of the field worker should be his capacity for discrimination. This is possible by an objective evaluation of customs and mores of the people he is studying but even if all care is taken to do so, the field worker is often at the mercy of his interpreters or the people to whom he directly approaches for evidence. Many a field investigator has paid dearly for indiscriminate reliance on their informants. Two methods are often found to meet this danger. One is to document the statements of the informants giving date and time of recording, the name of the informant, his social status, whether he is paid for his services or not, whether he gives information in his official capacity or in his personal capacity, whether he has volunteered the news himself or he has done so in answer to queries. The second is to test such evidence by recording multiple statements from different people and questioning the original informant.

The fourth requisite of a field investigator is patience; he must not come to hasty generalisation or rush to print before finally scrutinising his data. Much of what we know of primitive people and backward cultures would not have been written at all had the authors exercised reticence and caution against rash publication of data.

The last but the most important requisite of a field investigator is his knowledge of the language and dialect of the people he wants to study as it is impossible to obtain any idea of the fundamental springs of culture, the motivation or the ethos without which many of the customs and practices remain unexplained. This has been sadly ignored in a large volume of literature on primitive peoples. There are some who have a genius for language. The late Professor Malinowski, for example, knew a large number of languages and could express himself fluently in all of them.

Even if all the precautions are taken, if all the necessary

equipments are there, the investigator may be fully trained in methods and techniques, his attitude must be and remain scientific. The greatest harm to the science of man can be done by competent scientists who willingly misread their findings. In India as we are situated, there are only a handful of field investigators competent for the task. It is hardly possible to expect that two investigators would study the same people so that we have to rely on the available data and therefore the responsibility of the field investigator assumes a greater magnitude than is otherwise warranted. In one of my investigations among a people on whom a learned monograph has been published by an otherwise competent field investigator, I found that the village mentioned in the text exists but the people whose family trees are described do not. Instances like these can be multiplied. They are there and it is for the field investigator to see that such accounts do not multiply.

IV

I would now introduce you to the Field Songs of Chhattisgarh ably compiled by my friend Prof. S. C. Dube of Hislop College, Nagpur. Prof. Dube is already known as a competent folklorist and his publications in Hindi are widely read. The songs that he has presented in this short anthology breathe a close parallel to the folk songs of Mirzapur and when the latter is published, probably in the next volume of the series, they will show a family likeness. We intend to present the originals of the songs in this volume as also of the Snow Balls of Garhwal in our forthcoming publications. We invite you to the songs presented by Prof. Dube and we want you to tell us what they are worth.

Anthropology Laboratory,
Lucknow University,
20th March, 1947.

D. N. Majumdar.

**FIELD SONGS OF
CHHATTISGARH**

By S. C. Dube.



Introduction

The South-eastern region of the Central Provinces is known as Chhattisgarh, the land of thirty-six forts. This area comprises the present districts of Raipur, Bilaspur, Drug, Balaghat and Bhandara, and a number of adjoining states forming the Chhattisgarh block of the Eastern States Agency. Historically and linguistically only the first three districts and the adjoining states come in Chhattisgarh proper; Balaghat and Bhandara having only a very minor fraction of Chhattisgarhi population, naturally fall outside.

The great plains of Chhattisgarh, watered by the Mahanadi and her tributaries, are inhabited by a large number of agricultural castes and tribes. The hills and forests are the abodes of a number of primitive people living at varying levels of culture. Important among the people inhabiting the plains are the Rawat, Teli, Satnami, Kewat, Ganda and Panka, with a sprinkling of many others tribes. The principal primitive tribes living in this tract are the Gond, Baiga, Binjhar, Kamar, Bhunjia, Dhanwar and Korwa. Improvements in the system of communication have brought a continuously flowing stream of alien population from the North and the South, and the Brahmin, Marwari, Panjabi and the Kachhhi notably have infiltrated even into some of the remote villages of Chhattisgarh.

Barring the small section of immigrants who have settled here in the past few decades, the people of Chhattisgarh have, in general, a distinctive culture. In their villages they share together their appalling poverty, misery and suffering; for although the forests and agricultural lands of Chhattisgarh are rich, her people are unbelievably poor. They suffer from the ruthless oppression and exploitation of an alien government, rapacious land-lords and corrupt officials.

The 'Field Songs' are the songs of these people of Chhattisgarh. They may be regarded as truly represen-

tative of their culture. They picture their joys and sorrows.; They graphically describe their changing moods. These songs play a part of considerable importance in their dull and uneventful life and occasionally lighten their burdens, cheer up their hearts and impart mirth and enjoyment to their dreary existence.

The study of folk-tales and the folk-lore of India started many years ago but it has yet to be put on a scientific plane. Little effort has so far been made to collect and publish the treasure of India's rich folk-poetry on a nation-wide basis and on scientific and systematic lines. Much valuable work has, however, been done by individual field-workers and their collaborators, and it is largely through their efforts that some of the wealth of India's woodland poetry has been put on permanent record. In Hindi, Pandit Ram Naresh Tripathi was the first to devote himself to this work. He toured extensively in the United Provinces.

In the different provinces lovers of folk-songs have undertaken the work of collection individually, and have published many valuable collections of songs recorded by them in their respective languages. Meghani in Gujarat, Parikh in Rajasthan, Ram Iqbal Singh Rakesh in Bihar and Devendra Satyarthi have done very valuable work. Meghani's writings have popularized the folk-songs of Gujarat. In the work of the late Suryakaran Parikh are preserved some of the precious gems of the folk-poetry of Rajasthan. Ram Iqbal Singh Rakesh has produced a very fascinating collection of the Maithil folk-songs of Bihar. In Bengal, Maharashtra, and South India keen interest is also being taken in the study of folk songs, and besides a few collections in book form a number of articles relating to them appear in periodicals from time to time.

Folk-songs have also received the attention of field workers engaged in sociological and anthropological research. In many monographs detailing the life of different tribal people, specimens of their oral poetry have also been included. Some others have made an independent study of the folk-songs themselves. Archer has published a charming collection of the folk-songs of Bihar. Miss. A. R. Bhagwat of the School of Economics and Sociology, Bombay, has specially studied the Ovis of Maharashtra and has published an extensive paper on the subject in the journal of the Bombay University. In the Central Provinces, work of far-reaching importance has been done in this direction by Shamrao Hivale and Verrier Elwin. They first brought out their *Songs of the Forest*: later, in his monograph on the *Baiga*, Elwin included a large selection from the folk-songs of the tribe. The next to come from them were the *Folk-tales of Mahakoshal* and the *Folk-songs of the Maikal Hills*. Miss Durga Bhagwat, a research student of the Bombay University studied the folk-songs of the Satpura region, and has published a very interesting paper in the Journal of the Bombay University. The snow Balls of Garhwal edited by D.N. Majumdar depicts the folk songs of an interesting culture area.

The author is perhaps the first to undertake an exhaustive study of the folk-songs of Chhattisgarh. Touring extensively in parts of the Raipur, Bilaspur and Drug districts, he collected over twelve hundred songs and a dozen ballads. In 1940, a collection of the representative folk-songs of Chhattisgarh was published in book form, and in the same year the full text of the famous legend of Dhola-Maru was also separately published. The author has contributed a number of articles on the rural, tribal and ballad poetry of Chhattisgarh. This little book includes some representative songs from his collection. Verrier Elwin

has also worked in Chhattisgarh and has recently published his *Folk-songs of Chhattisgarh*.

The Field Songs of Chhattisgarh are the songs of the people; and are themselves uncertain, as the quickly changing moods of those who sing them. They do not admit of any formal classification, although, they can be roughly divided into certain more or less well marked groups :—

(i) General Songs (ii) Dance Songs (iii) Caste-Songs (iv) Songs for Special occasions (v) Tribal Songs (vi) Legends.

General songs

The Songs belonging to this class can be sung by all people at all occasions irrespective of their caste. The *Dadariya* is certainly the most popular and the most important of the Chhattisgarhi folksongs. In its two simple lines, one of which is often only for tuning, it conveys some eternal aspect of their life. People may sing it in fields and forests, mountains and rivers; women may sing it when they sit by the fireside; a pretty maid may sing it to her lover when they are alone together, for love is generally the central theme of this type of song. The Chhattisgarhi *dadariya* is rich in fancy and poetic concepts, and stands apart as a class by itself. Its lighter vein is sometimes crossed by a sudden outburst of spicy and penetrating observations on life as these people know it.

Dance songs

In this category fall the *Karma Nachori* and *Sua-geet*, which are sung only to the accompaniment of particular dances. The great *Karma* dance is always accompanied by suitable songs which determine its rhythm and pauses. The dance indeed becomes a splendid sight when the *Madar* and *Chhaddi* are played well together, and the songs are suitably chosen. These songs are very

sweet and beautifully express the sentiments of love. In some of the older *Karma* songs there is a philosophic reflection on life. It is indeed tragic that the people are now giving up their beautiful *Karma* songs, and are disfiguring their otherwise lovely dances by importing cheap and drab cinema songs.

Nacha is the commonplace popular folk-dance of Chhattisgarh, which together with its music consists of many humorous dramatic dialogues and pleasant lyrics. *Nachari* songs always accompany this dance. Each line of the song is repeated twice by the main singer and is then followed by a chorus and vigorous dancing.

The prime Diwali attraction in rural Chhattisgarh is the *Sua*-dance of the Chhattisgarhi women. A group of about twelve young women participate in this dance. Their leader, the first in the line, has a basket full of the golden paddy of the recent crop, with a pair of earthen parrots, in it. With the opening line of the song the women divide themselves into two groups. While the first sings, the second bends down and begins clapping and dancing, and while the second sings, the first in turn bends down and dances. The bulk of these songs concern the women themselves, and vividly reflect their joys and sorrows. Many of them have a sad note, and many others have a tragic ending.

Caste songs

Caste-songs include the *Danda-geet* and the *Bans-geet* which are exclusively the songs of the Rawats and the numerous legends and songs of the wandering Dewars.

Tradition has secured to the Rawats the monopoly of the Diwali *Danda-dance* of Chhattisgarh. Dressed in beautiful red and yellow clothes, decorated with cowries and peacock feathers, the Rawats participate in the ceremonial dance in batches of twelve to twenty. The *Danda-geet* is

sung to the accompaniment of this dance. Some of the comparatively recent *Danda-songs* have religious touch about them; but the others are beautiful love-songs which charm the people when they are sung with proper pause and *jhunjhuniya* dance.

The *Bans-geet* is also a song only of the Rawats. While they sing it, they also play on a huge bamboo flute which they call the *bans*. This is song for the hours of leisure when the Rawats have nothing else to do. Many of these songs are in praise of Lord Krishna, who is specially worshipped by the Rawats. Many others are in the form of dialogues, chiefly between husband and wife. They truly and vividly depict the domestic scenes of rural Chhattisgarh.

The nomadic Dewars of Chhattisgarh are a very poor tribe, and many of them are professional beggars and singers. They have a very rich store of folk-songs, legends and ballads. Their songs provide many evenings of enjoyment to the Chhattisgarhi village-folk, and many of their legends continue night after night for weeks together.

Songs for special occasions

Special occasions call for special songs. Child-birth provides an occasion for the *Sohar*, and the *Bihaw-geet* provides a musical back-ground to marriages.

The advent of the new-born is an occasion for unmixed rejoicing, while the sentiments in the marriage songs are mingled. They express sorrow for the girl's break from the past, and joy for her step forward in the future. Some of the marriage-songs of Chhattisgarh are very pathetic. Many of them contain the lofty ideas of the past; and many others are the bitter-sweet stories of women in love. Many of them express in a simple and vivid style the feelings of the bride at the time of her separation from her parents. The *Goura-geet* are the songs relating to Parvati, sung

during the days preceding Dewali when goddess Goura is worshipped in Chhattisgarh. The *Mata-Sewa* songs are sung in honour of the Mata. Small-pox, from times immemorial has been propitiated as a Mother-Goddess by the Hindus to please her, to expedite the recovery of the patient affected by small-pox. There are various other worship-songs for different occasions.

Tribal songs

Many of the recent monographs on Indian primitive tribes turn upon the subject of their folk-songs. Chhattisgarh has a large aboriginal population, and some of the tribes even to-day retain different dialects of their own. Because of the stress of modern life, most of them have become bilingual, and their legends and songs are fast disappearing. The Gond and the Baiga have a sufficiently advanced folk-poetry, but the folk-songs of the Kamar and Bhunjia are disappearing quickly. Not many of their songs are rich in poetic value, but they are still of great interest to the scientist. The tribal songs of the Kamar recorded in this volume point to the importance which the folk-songs of a people may have for anthropological field-workers.

The legends

The importance of the legends and ballad poetry of Chhattisgarh has not yet been sufficiently recognized. The legend of Rasalu Kuar is perhaps the only one, besides the legend of Dhola-Maru, which has been published in full by Verrier Elwin. Chandeni, Lachhman jati, Pandwani and Parghanian have not been published so far.

Chandeni is claimed to be an original legend of Chhattisgarh. Near Arang in the Raipur district, there stands a monument commemorating the memory of the beautiful princess Chandeni, her gallant lover Lorik and their love.

In wealth of imagery and subtle descriptions, Chandeni can easily win for itself a place of honour in the folk-poetry of India. In fact, the legend of Lorik and Chandeni has already travelled far and has captured the hearts of village-folk in Bundelkhand and also in other parts of the United Provinces.

The legend of Dhola-Maru, originating perhaps in Rajasthan, has come down to Chhattisgarh in a modified form. Although its atmosphere is alien, it holds people spell-bound and is universally popular in Chhattisgarh. Next comes the legend of Rasalu Kuar, the hero who starts on matrimonial adventures and marries the princesses of seven different kingdoms after braving considerable difficulties in each adventure. Lachmanjati is the legend of ascetic Lachman who, on being alleged to have illicit connections with Seeta, proves his innocence and purity by passing through the ordeal of fire. Similarly, Pandwani is the Chhattisgarhi version of the Mahabharat with Bhim as its legendary hero whose deeds and adventures form a major part of the legend. Pargbania is the long legend of Gond heroes. Chandeni and Dhola have been included in this book as typical specimens of the legends of Chhattisgarh.

The Field Songs of Chhattisgarh do not represent the folk-culture of Chhattisgarh in all its aspects; yet, they do give us a glimpse of it. Through them we can visualize a picture of the life lived in rural Chhattisgarh, a life of little love and perpetual struggle, crossed by a sullen note of uncertainty and pessimism.

Life is precious, only once we get it
Its pleasures too we get only once
Never shall we get them again.
* * * * *

For how many days more shall we live?
Life is short and we may not have much
How shall we escape
When death comes over our head?

Life

Born are we on this earth to live,
And so shall we pass our life merrily and playfully;
For how many days more shall we live?
Life is short and we may not have much,
How shall we escape—
When death comes over our head?

Youth

The lamp needs a wick,
And the wick needs oil,
The two eyes want sleep,
And youth longs for romance.

The eager heart

Shall I be able to meet my sweetheart,
Who knows !
I adorn myself with fineries,
Dress my hair beautifully,
And admire my beauty in the mirror.
But God only knows —
If I shall meet my sweetheart!

Separation

O sister! My sweet heart is in a distant land,
He neither writes a letter to me,
Nor does he send me a word.
For whom should I apply *mehndi*?
For whom should I dress my hair?
And for whom should I cook vegetables and rice?
My sweet-heart is in a distant land.
O Sister! I do not like my father-in-law's house,
When my sweetheart is in a distant land.

Friendship

A hard piece of wood it is,
Easily you can not break it;
Very old, indeed, is our friendship,
Only at our death will it end.

Tears will move him

When the rains come;
Green grass grows on the Earth.
Moisten with tears the tale of your woe;
Then will they move him, O girl!

Eager steps

Peep from the window,
An hour for sun-set, there is yet
My sweetheart is coming homeward
With hasty eager steps.

The magic of her charms

In the nights we sleep,
And work throughout the day ;
The magic of her charm keeps me alive,
Only for her I live, O friend!

I am pining for you

Oh foreigner ! Oh man from *Doomerkhol*,
You shot the arrow to my heart ;
The whole of me is pining for you.
For you I went astray —
You sealed my fate, Oh you sealed my fate!
O King, the whole of me is pining ;
Only to have a glimpse of you.
To the government I will pay a fine ;
And to the caste I'll give a penalty feast
O King ! But I will never leave you.
O foreigner ! O man from *Dhoomerkhol*,
You shot the arrow to my heart ;
The whole of me is pining for you.

The love girl

There stands the mango tree in the forest,
The ripening fruit is full of juice;
Lone is the girl in her blooming youth —
There is none, none to console her.

The unhappy man

In the forest there is no animal —
And in the pond no fish ;
Life to him is a miserable burden,
There is none to console his heart.

The unfortunate girl

My father died,
And my mother also is dead;
Only my brother loves me,
But my sister-in-law ;
She is very jealous of me.
What a life, I lead!

The happy man

The crops are rich,
Every evening the drum beats,
How happy is the village?
O, how happy is the man,
Whose pretty wife has firm and rounded breasts.

They make me mad

The graceful leap of the deer;
And the thrill of the tiger's roar,
The firm and rounded breasts of my girl
They make me mad, O friend!

Love songs

The *tarai* flowers in the evening!
How slender is your waste?
It befits you only!
Carry the manure to the field,
In the broken cart.
My *Raja*! you proceed ahead
I will follow you soon.
Sometimes I put on a red *sari*,
And sometimes pink —
The *pardeshi* meets me only for a little while.
Over the temple there is a blooming flower,
On you only, my bird!—
I have set my heart.
From silver we make ornaments,
Tell me, *Raja*!
Where should I wait for you.
I went to the market,
And bought a *Dhoti*,
My heart was in you,
My *Raja*! I remembered you every moment.
In the months of *Sawan* and *Bhadon*;
There is such an abundance of *Karela*
O Friend! I never knew
That so soon we would part company
Come, let us go fishing,
Ever in my eyes looms that face —
The face of my *Raja*.
Bit by bit, look, how I burn for you?
Oh! you never told me before.
A place in my home,

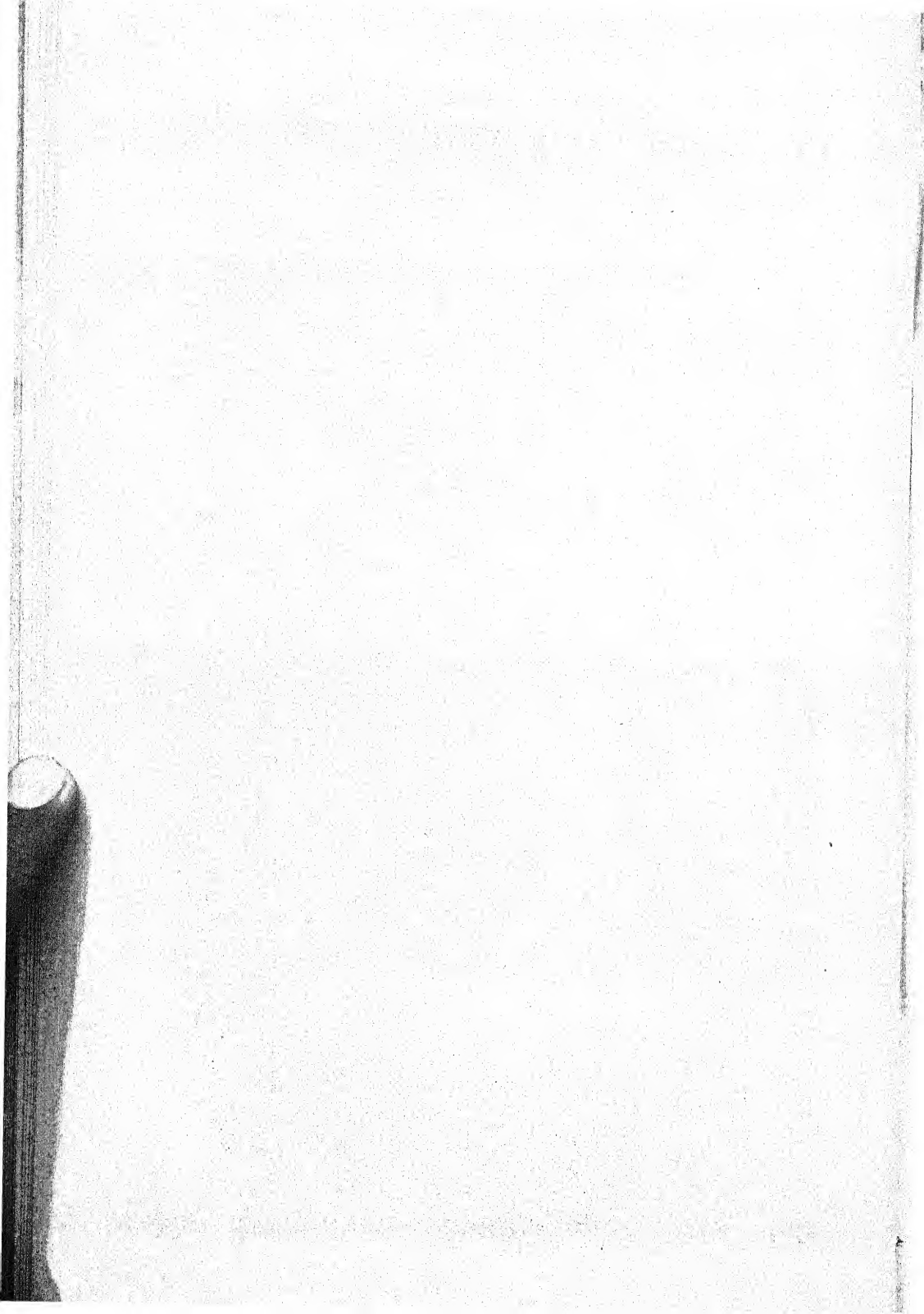
Love Songs—(Contd.)

I would have given you willingly.
Cook the *chana-bhaji* for the meals to-day,
Be in complete readiness, my girl!
I will come at the usual time.
Eat some more sweets, my friend!
Why at a distance you stand from me?
Come near me, my girl!
Homeward I was coming,
And you were going away,
Its good we met here,
Let us have a parting embrace, O friend!
To cook the fish there is no butter-milk!
Speak your heart freely, my love!
None can overhear us.
Comb your hair
And put vermilion at their parting
For you, my bird!
I will come again in the night.
How shall I shake the mango branch?
O, so small are my breasts,
How shall I let him fondle them?
This gram! you can not fry it!
We made friends when we were young,
How can we forget each other?
The well is there
How to draw water?
I forbade you repeatedly,
And yet you fell on my body!
Take your bath
And change your clothes
O you look so beautiful
In your silk *sari*:
The plum on the tree is ripe
How shall I pluck it?

Love Songs—(Concluded.)

He is standing in the neighbour's courtyard,
How shall I call him?
In the evenings everyday,
When the *Shukwa* appears in the sky
I see you always on the path
With a beautiful basket on your head.
The *roti* on the frying pan was burnt
So engrossed was I in your thoughts!
Balam! with a single magic word
You have captured me entirely.





Pangs of separation

My mind is unsteady,
And melancholy is the heart,
There is water all around me,
Yet I am thirsty,
Without you, my love !
Only a few words you said to me,
They got stuck in my heart.
I am mad after you,
It's for you I am wandering in the jungles.
The boat is damaged,
And there is no one to row it !
O, I may die,
But none will weep for me, for
My *balam* is in a distant *raj*.
The forests are green,
And so are the hills,
The man with the cap is nowhere to be seen,
I will offer a coconut,
If I find him soon.
Pour the oil on the earth !
It will be a simple waste.
I weep and weep
And narrate to him my sufferings —
No heed he pays to them.
On his body he wore a *fatuhi*,
And over it his *Kurta*,
I remember him so often.
The water in the well,
O, it is there !
My *pardeshi* is going away,

Pangs of Separation—(contd.)

I feel like crying for him.
Eat drink and make merry,
But never, never should you remember me, my girl!
Brutal are the pangs of separation,
In remembrance, my bird!
Bit by bit you will perish.
When you smoke a *chongi*,
It burns little by little.
My love! in your remembrance I am gradually burning.
The house is broken and its roof is destroyed;
He was to return within a couple of days.
But it is long since, that I have not seen him, O friend!
I do not know what I did unconsciously
My love! I do not even care for food in your absence.
O God! I never knew
That I would feel the pangs of separation so much
My father is in Ratanpur, and father-in-law in Orissa,
And between the two parts is the Koeli river
To-day, I am what the rice plant is without water,
Father-in-law is suffering from *tijera* and his daughter from
fever,
And my *Dewar* is laid down with *Kharjarha*,
To-day I am what a leaf is after falling from the tree.
The legs of the cot are broken,
And now it is useless
Gori has lost her lover
And she weeps till dawn
O God! I never knew that I would feel the pangs of separation
so much.
A courtyard without a tree,
And a village without a dog are lonely.
A woman without her lover weeps till the dawn
O God! I never knew that I would feel the pangs of
separation so much.

Pangs of Separation—(Concl'd.)

"I have come here from my father's home for the first time.
O Sweetheart! why are you going out leaving me alone?
With whom shall I play?
With whom shall I eat?
And how shall I console my heart?"
"Plant a *tulsi* in the court-yard,
And console your heart with it.
If you find it green,
Imagine your husband engaged in trade;
And if you find it yellow,
Think that he died in war."
The cat goes from this roof to that;
We are foreigners
People of a far distant land
To-day let us love each other with all our heart
For tomorrow comes separation,
And I have to depart with a *Ram Ram* for ever.
It was a bamboo stick,
With which was the snake killed!
You have gone away leaving me alone;
All my life—
I will be sorry for it

Complaints

How beautiful was the leaf—
When it was fresh;
It is yellow now.
How sincere were you to me—
When we were children
In youth, you have deceived me now.
In the leaves there is no flutter.
Nor do the branches move
O Sweetheart, you regard me as an enemy,
You don't speak a word to me.
It is a full moon night,
Yet the moon is nowhere to be seen.
My sweetheart has become mad,
He is not coming back.
Across the river
There is a mine of red clay
By your sweet words—
Why did you mislead me?
O, I was so innocent!
The evenings are disturbed,
Always by the crows
Here you made love to me
And went away to a distant village.
The moon rises,
And brightens the night!
O you are a woman!
You deceived me and went away.
The night is moonlit,
And the stars are twinkling
My *Raja* has become my enemy,

Complaints—(Concl'd)

He does not speak to me.
In the mango leaves—
There is no flutter
My *Raja* has taken to silence,
He does not speak even a word to me.
I plucked the mango fruit,
Avowedly to eat it.
He deceived me,
By promising that he will come.
The rope you left tied to the cart
O, I have newly come to you
For the first time;
And you have stopped talking to me.

A warning

Behold the mango tree!
The solitary fruit is ripening there
Note it, take care my girl
Nowhere can you elude my notice
Not even by drowning.

Passion

I went to the market,
And bought a *tuma* there
I will make you sleep in my lap,
And kiss you.
Massage your body,
With the *ti'l* oil,
I am alone here, my *Raja*,
Make me sleep with you.
Ripe was the lemon
Its juice was gushing out!
He wanted to have me by the road-side,
And I was hesitating so much.
Mother-in-law went to the market,
Father-in-law to the field
O, look to the girl!
When she was alone in the house,
She got herself involved.
It is a *Keru* tree,
Garlands will you make from its flowers?
No more has she a place in my heart,
Now I don't like her.

Two wives

In the leaves of the *Pipal* tree
There is a constant flutter
In the house of a man having two wives
Always, always there is quarreling.
You eat the betel,
And your lips become red;
Do not develop fascination,
It will take your life.

The dadaria

The songs from field and forest,
They are the songs of our life,
The whole world may leave us
But the *Dadariya* is our precious heritage.
In the pot there is last night's rice,
And in the hand a pinch of rice I have,
I am singing the *Dadariya*,
Lend your ear to it.

Englishman's Raj

In the leaves of the *Pipal* tree
There is a constant flutter
In the Englishman's *Raj*
Everyone is unhappy.

A dialogue

Wife :

We will sell the goat and the sheep,
And the buffalo also we will sell;
We can live by working hard,
And sleep restfully in the night stretching long our legs.

Husband :

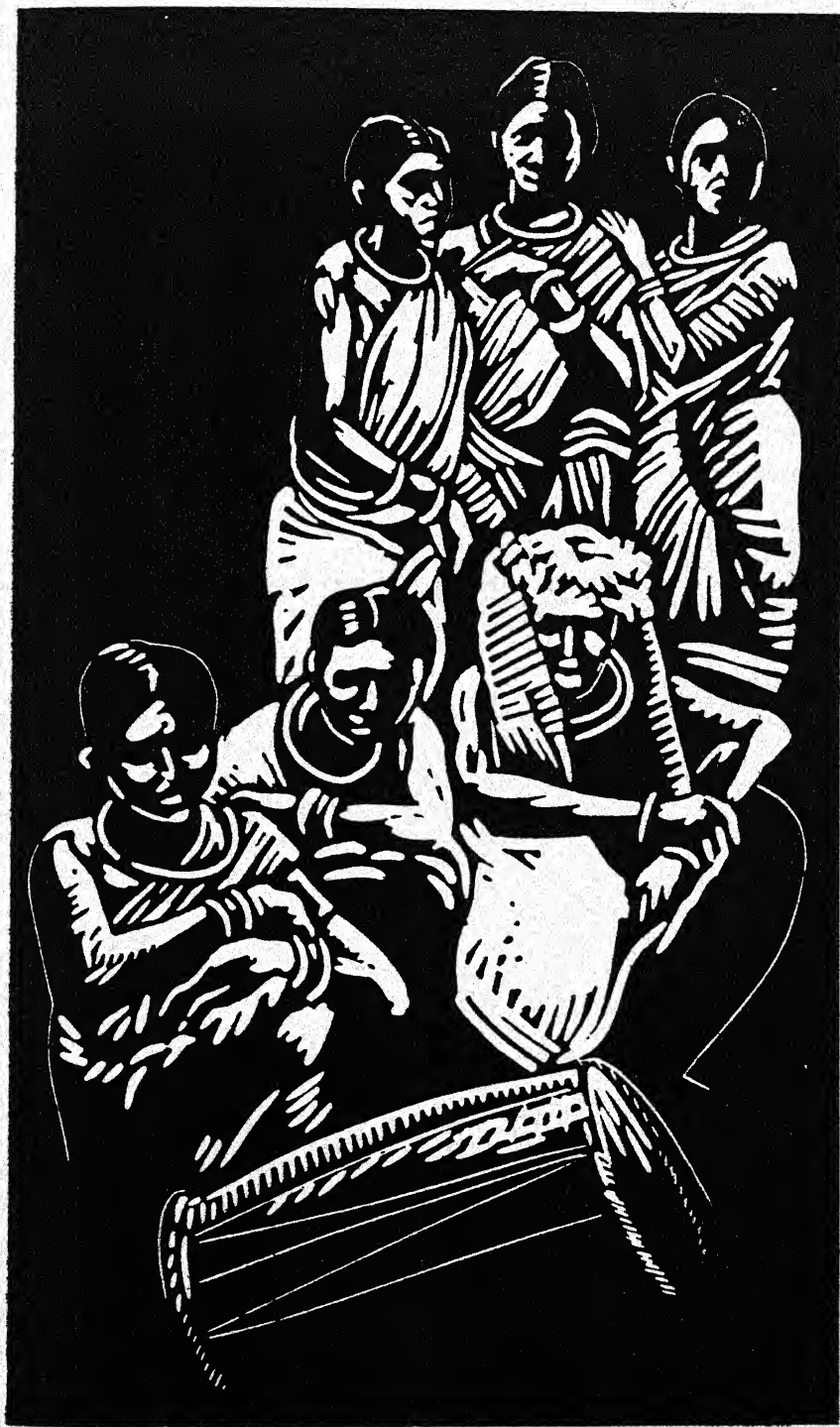
Neither will I sell the goat, nor the sheep,
Nor will I sell the buffalo
I'll get my living by selling milk and butter-milk.
But you will I sell.

Wife :

Who will do the cooking for you?
And who will serve you meals?
Who will spread the bedding on your cot?
And who will await you at home?

Husband :

My mother will do the cooking for me,
And my sister will serve me my meals,
The maid will spread the bedding on my cot,
And my flute will await me.



A Dialogue—(Concl'd.)

Wife:

Your mother is old and will die,
And sister will go to her husband,
The maid will be sold in the market,
And the flute will float away in the river.

Husband:

I will make my mother immortal,
On nectar will I feed her,
And will keep my sister for six months,
Will keep the maid tied with a rope,
And will ever keep the flute in my heart.

Child birth

In the first month changes begin to appear,
The body becomes yellowish
And face becomes pale
It appears she is pregnant.

In the second month,
The mother-in-law recognizes it,
Doubtless it is pregnancy!
When she walks —

Her right leg lags behind.
Doubtless it is pregnancy!

In the third month the *nanad* laughs
'Let the newcomer come,
I'll get a present of *munga* and *moti*'

In the fourth month the mother-in-law laughs
'Let the newcomer come
I'll distribute pearls?'

In the fifth month the expectant mother says:
'The whole body aches badly
I don't like the betel'.

In the sixth month she requests her Lord:
'Now I can't serve your bed
My body is heavy'.

In the seventh month she requests her mother-in-law:
'Now I can't cook
My whole body aches?

In the eighth month the eight limbs are developed
With all her care —

Never can she wear her clothes properly
In the ninth month —

The mother-in-law sleeps in the neighbouring courtyard
The daughter-in-law is having pain,
Call the nurse soon!

In the tenth month *Kanhaiyalal* was born
Music was played and *Sakhis* began singing *Sahar*.

Marriage songs

The *baratis* are standing under the *neem*,
And the bride, with her lord, is going round the marriage
Musical instruments are being played post,
O Beeram ! the girl is going round the marriage post with
her lord

Baratis are standing under the *neem*.
Mother ! under the *bar* are the bride and bride-groom.
Amongst five brothers there is one sister,
Oh Mother, she will go away with her lord today.
Father and mother are unhappy,
But the *bhauji* indeed is happy.
O, do not send her this year,
You may send her next year.
'Get I *nath* for my nose,
Mother I will go away in a *dola* —
Get a *pairi* for my legs,
Mother I will go away in a *dola*—
Get a *titri* for my ears.
Mother, I will go away in a *dola*
There is a lemon tree in my lord's house,
And all birds return to it in the evening
I grew to youth in my father's house in happiness
But now my pride will be shattered to pieces.
On the high platform is seated the father,
And with him are his companions,
There is a thick bush of *tulsi*,
Under which is seated the bride,
Nearby is the goldsmith *hingul*,
She gets a *har*, a *tikuli* and a *nath*,
And yet she weeps!

Marriage Songs—(Contd.)

'Is it silver or gold—
That you did not get, my girl? Asks the father,
'Why are you sorrowful?
'Neither it is gold, nor it is silver—
Nor yet am I sorrowful.
O Father! I am fair and beautiful
And my lord is dark
For this I am sorry—O father!
Talk not about the colour, O daughter!
Dark or fair! colour is not of our making
Lord Krishna even is dark
The Mother's womb is like a pot maker's *ava*,
Some pots coming out from it are fair,
And others are dark.
Raja Janak has one daughter,
And she is to be married.
Which prince deserves to marry her?
To whom should we send the coconut?
In Ayodhya there is King Dashrath
Four princes he has—
Playing in the streets of Ayodhya.
The eldest of them is Rama,
He will be Seeta's husband.
Father, have a bamboo fencing
And let it have four gates.
Cover it well, my father!
Let not swans and pigeons enter it;
Let the *Chowk* be decorated with pearls,
And the lamp be of *manik*,
O Father, call a priest from Benares—to write the *lagun*,
Stand with folded hands, O Father,
When *Raghuvar* comes for marriage
To him give all attention you can,

Marriage Songs—(Concl'd.)

And when you serve him food
Forget not to place a few *tulsi* leaves,
Be not dismayed by his dark colour, O father,
Many in the world have a dark colour;
Lord Krishna is dark in colour,
Yet he enchants the world with his charming flute.
The rod of the plough is broken,
And now it is useless;
To her *Sasural* I have sent my daughter
After her marriage,
And here I am sitting—
Laden with grief.
Eat drink and make merry, O girl!
Only a day more for you,
To take you away, the people have come
All your way you'll have to weep.

Dewar—Bhauji

Slightly he twisted my fingers in the night,
And woke me up!

O parrot, in the night he woke me up.

'Dur dur' said I,

Is it a cat or a dog—

Or a sinner that opened the door?

'Not a cat, nor a dog

Nor even has a sinner opened the door,

It is Nandlal, your *Dewar, Bhauji*

Who has opened the door'.

'Come you may, *Babu*

But go and sleep on your brother's cot'

'Not there *Bhauji*

There the mosquitoes will eat me up

With you will I sleep—

I'll sleep happily on your cot!

'Not here, not here, *Babu*

There are sharp knives on my cot,

And there is a deadly she-cobra

Which will take your life'.

'How then, *Bhauji*,

Does my brother save his life?'

'Great is the magic of your brother, *Babul*

Powerful is his spell

It is through that he saves his life

O parrot, His magic makes this cot his own.'

The obstinate jogi

From the North has the *jogi* come,
And there he is at the door steps
There he is!—sitting at the door, O parrot!
'Give him a handful of rice, O parrot!
He will leave the door'
'Not a handful of rice, Sister
Have that for yourself
Never will I leave the door.'
'Give him a plateful of rice, O parrot,
He will leave the door'.
'Not a plateful of rice, Sister
Keep that for yourself
Never, never will I leave the door'.
'Give him the eldest *nanad*, O parrot
He will leave the door.
Give him the second *nanad*, O parrot
He will leave the door'.
'Not the eldest, nor the elder too
Keep them for yourself, sister
Never, never, never will I leave the door'.
'Give him the youngest *nanad*, O parrot,
He will leave the door'.
O parrot!
So happy was the *jogi* to hear this,
Not a moment did he lose,
And brought a *dola* to the door
To take away the youngest *nanad*.

For the dear one

My mother is out,
And sister is in *Sasural*,
O parrot! my lord is in a far-off land,
Alone am I here, O parrot!
Cheerfully the bride in that house asks:
'From where did you get betel, my love?'
Joyfully the man replies:
'In my father's house there are twenty *slaves*.
They gave me the betel'.
Cheerfully the bride in that house asks:
'From where did you get the garland, My love?'
Joyfully the man replies:
'In my father's house there are twenty *malies*
They gave me the garlands'.
O parrot! look at me,
How unhappy am I in separation;
They talk and sing and are happy,
But my sweetheart has forgotten me;
For my dear one I weep.

Hunger

In hunger we have forgotten the *Dadariya* and the *karma*

In poverty did we lose our Dance.

Such a burden has life become to us—

Even in youth we don't have cravings of love.

Life

This broken *chongi*!

O, we smoke it only once.

Life is precious—only once we get it;

Its pleasures too we get only once,

Never shall we get them again.

TRIBAL SONGS OF THE KAMAR

A 'Dadur' song

I caught the fish in the pool,
Tell me if you will eat it or not?
In a day or two I shall leave this Raj,
Tell me will you go with me or not?

A dance song

Tastefully did I cook the rice,
And came to you at mid-night.
Alas! nowhere did I find you, my love!
For the rest of my life I will weep for you.

A marriage song

Whither are you going, O Brother!
You have the bow on your shoulders;
The axe in your hand,
And behind you is your wife,
With a basket on her head.
Whither are you going, O Brother!
To the neighbouring village we go—
There to attend a marriage, O boy!
Come not with us—
Eat and live here, O Boy!
When the rains of '*Asar*' set in,

A Marriage Song—(concl'd.)

And the whole forest is aglow with flowers;
Then will I come, to take your daughter
With a crown of flowers on her head.
Here is a headload of bamboo—
Will you lift it or not?
The rice for you is cooked—
Will you eat it or not?
There is a marriage in the neighbouring Kamar village,
Will you go there or not?

A 'Hana' song

Rice on the fire is boiling,
And the child tied to her waist is crying,
Cook the rice and let the child sleep.
Where are you going? (She is asked)
To dance, she says, where the drum is being beaten.
After the dance her whole body ached—
Was it the evil eye on her body?
The magician is called,
And he will look it up.
I may die or live, (She says)
Look after the child,
And don't quarrel with any.
Be careful when speaking to the *sirkar*
Get not yourself beaten,
And be courteous to the *panchayat*!
The charm of the magician worked,
And she was all-right again.
'You are well, (he says)
And now let us not quarrel,
Let us live and eat'.

A 'Turi' love song

'O Sister! Give me your *dewar*,
'No, no, even if I lose my life-breath, my life,
I can not give him.
My husband you have instead'.
The water in the pot on fire boils,
And the little bird with its tiny beak is in agony.
'What shall I do with your husband? (says she)
Give me, O give me, your *dewar*!
The elder sister's husband was in Raja's *begar*
And the *dewar* was in her heart.
'Wherever I go, he follows;
To the market for tobacco, and to the forest for *tendu* leaves.
In the path-ways, and near the tank
Everywhere, everywhere he is present.
He will get a pair of ornaments for my ears,
And then shall we leave for a distant Raj.

Another 'Turi' love song

On the bank of the river they met-
The young man and his girl.
This was the place where they met at dusk.
'The third day, before day-break we leave' (he said)
Returning from the tank, she laid by the pots,
And awaited the third day-her man's call.
One day passed, and so did second,
The third day at the appointed moment he came, and came
out she.
And together they went to a distant Raj,
Crossing the twelve mountains,
Where no man's sight could reach.
A happy couple they were.

A song regarding incest between father and daughter

An ugly wretch was he,
And she a handsome maiden,
The two lived alone
The old widower and his lovely daughter
The old man cast his lustful eyes on her,
And when the fiery finger touched him,
He caught hold of her and enjoyed her-
Enjoyed her breasts, and body and youth.
They lived secretly, and openly they lived
As man and woman - as wife and husband.
For some time it was calm,
But then came the great rains, the thunder and storm,
Then suddenly the rains stopped;
The whole year was dry.
The *dahi* failed,
Animals left the forest.
No fish was there in the ponds and pools,
Edible roots too were scarce.
One sin
Of the old wretch, and the lusty girl,
And such was the penalty.

A song regarding incest between brother and sister.

The young girl and the young boy-
Brother and sister they were - brother and sister.
They danced together,
And for the whole night they danced.

A Song regarding incest between brother and sister
(Contd.)

They decided to elope -
After five days - before day-break
Before the cock heralds the dawn of the day,
They decided to run away -
To run away to a distant 'Raj'
'I'll go with you;
But will go for the whole life.
Desert me not, or I shall be ruined'
'Before the cock crows, we start,
And shall be in 'Boda Sambhar Raj before the dawn,
There we shall work, and eat, and live happily.
The night passed,
And the appointed moment came.
She took five *katas* of rice,
A handful of tobacco, and a score of *tendu* leaves for *chongi*.
She took two pice, a plate and some pots,
She arranged all these things
And at the appointed time they started.
At dawn they crossed the tract ;
And reached the 'Boda-Sambhar' raj.
Nine months passed ;
And she began to feel miserable,
Every limb of her body ached.
Helpless she was—utterly helpless.
'O Father ! what can I do ?
For what I did, I must suffer.
Her agony increased,
And she had none to help her.
They promised to offer presents to spirits ;
But the spirits would not be pleased !
They invoked the family God,
But He too was hostile.

A Song regarding incest between brother and sister
—(Concl'd.)

Death seemed the only alternative,
The punishment for his sin,
The sin of eloping with her brother.
None of their relatives had any thing to do with them.
Nor did any of them smoke with them!
Such was to be their life!

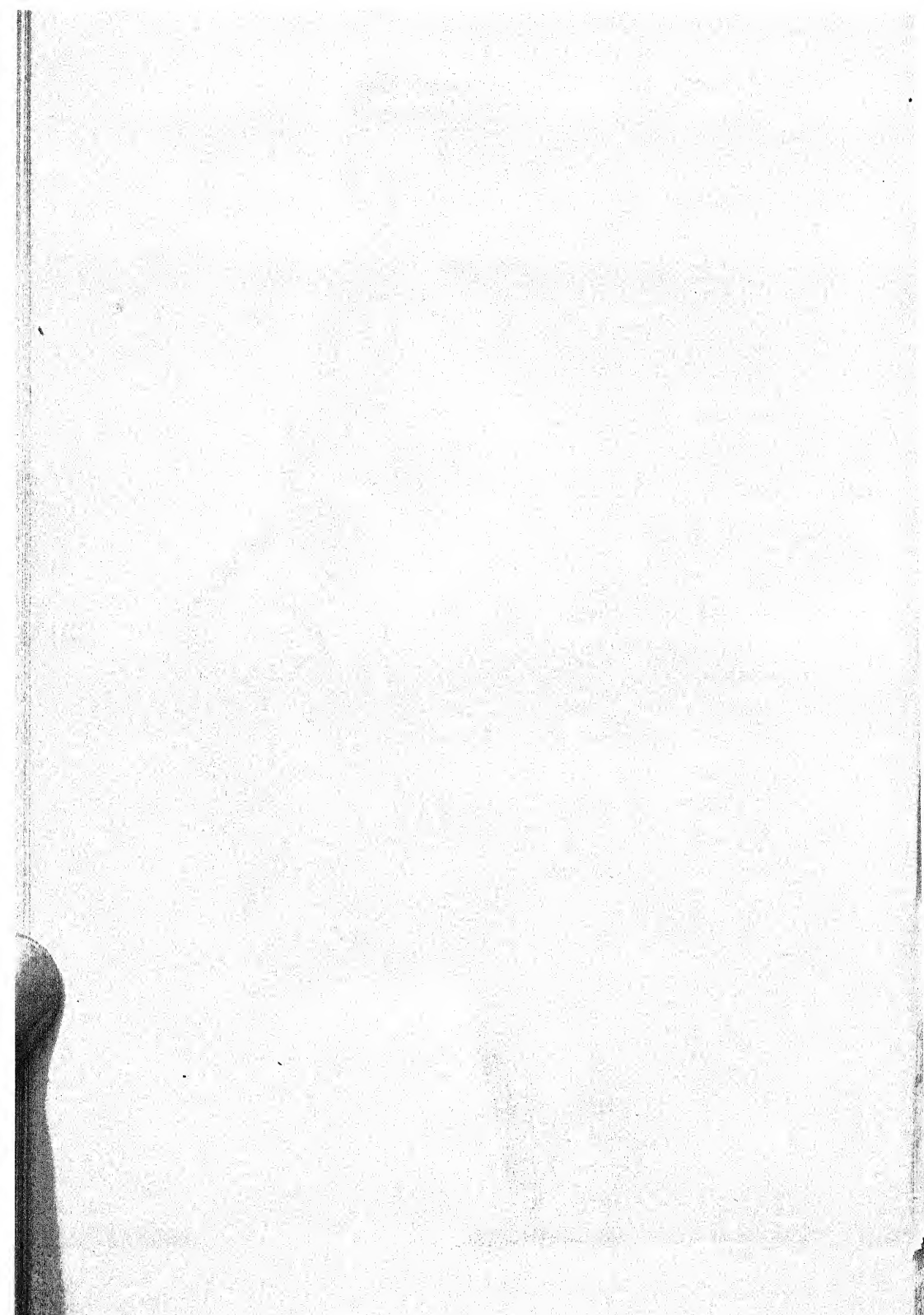
**Song regarding the origin of
the Tribes.**

God created the Earth.
And then created a couple.
A man and woman, wife and husband.
To them were born two children,
One son and one daughter.
And as it happened.
The mad jackal offended God Mahadeo.
A deluge—a mighty deluge he sent to drown it.
Apprehending the danger impending,
The couple placed the children in a box,
A box of wood, and therein
They kept provisions for them.
To last till the deluge ended.
The greater thunder came.
And came the roaring winds,
In the deluge were drowned all living things, the old couple.
Twelve years passed - and
God Mahadeo created two birds;
Around the world they flew to see,

Song regarding the origin of the Tribes—(Concl'd)

If the jackal - Mahadeo's enemy was dead.
Over the endless ocean of water they flew,
And not one creature was alive!
Yet, in the wooden box they heard,
Low voice of human children,
Provisions enough for three days we have (said they)
Soon the birds flew back;
And reported to God Mahadeo.
In surprise,
God Mahadeo sent for the box; opened it and found the children.
There Mahadeo the Great God-
Ordered the flood to subside,
And all was well again.
The children were brought up by him;
And pleased with them one day;
He asked them to marry;
Marry they did; and had children.
To each of their children,
The Great God gave the name of a tribe,
And thus were descended the many, many tribes.





Chandeni

Here is Chandeni beautiful!
 With youth brimming from all her body—
 Her face like the beautiful full moon,
 This is Chandeni—
 The beautiful princess - the fairy princess.
 Her nights are damped with tears
 And days she passes in sorrowful musing.
 She with all her beauty and youth
 Has to pass restless nights and mournful days.

* * *

Behold! Here she goes
 Like lightning she passes
 The fairy princess - the beautiful Chandeni!
 In her ears falls the soft melody of the flute
 Enchanted by it she looks around.
 None, none can her eyes discover.
 Her heart aches,
 And a tender thrill passes through her whole body
 Who can he be -
 This maker of sweet music?
 Behold! There he is
 Seated under the shadow of the mango tree
 The maker of music
 The most perfect youth on the Earth!
 Spell-bound, Chandeni stands there
 Self-forgotten, she looks at the youth
 His is the magic that is wonderful
 His is the charm that is perfect.
 He has charm in his eyes,
 And magic in his turban ;

Chandeni—(Contd.)

He has charm in every limb,
And magic in every word.
It was the triumph of his magic
That Chandeni lost herself.
The proud Chandeni
O, she was proud no more.

* * *

The queen of beauty
O! she is the one woman in the world,
The one perfect woman!
But how unlucky?
Indeed, unfortunate is she;
Life to her is a desert and youth a waste
Bawan - her husband,
O! he is not a man
For him her youth and beauty and charm have no meaning;
No curse would have been worse
With her blooming youth
And the fire of passion eternally burning in her heart.
None, none she has to console her
O! there is none to quell her eternal burning
And Bawan is helpless
Magic is helpless - spells don't work
Nor do medicines succeed ;
Terrific is the curse of God Mahadeo
Which caused the loss of his manhood.
Unhappy, indeed, is the woman
In whose youthful heart there is perpetual burning
The poor girl,
Her mental agony is eating her away,
And now !
Now look to her
Our Chandeni is changing,
Slowly, darling Chandeni is changing

Chandeni—(Contd.)

To-day again she has come to the forest.
The magic of that flute has dragged her here.
Her beautiful lips today
She has coloured them with betel
And her dress:—how beautiful?
Indeed, she is Chandeni
The princess (As beautiful as the full-moon.
Lorik is putting new life into her.
Coy and beautiful
So shy was she !
Not a word could she utter,
When Lorik approached her.
'Speak, speak to me
O Chandeni, beautiful', said the man.
How could she?—the shy girl
O! she wanted to speak
But she was lost in her own thoughts.
Lorik, only Lorik could make her happy.
Speak, speak to me
O Chandeni, beautiful said he again.
But she only smiled,
Not a word did she utter.
'Speak, speak to me
O Chandeni, beautiful' said he again.
Behold! her lips move,
She is speaking to her love.
Unknown, unknown are you to me'
O tell me, how can I speak?

*

*

*

That flute is wonderful,
Wonderful indeed is his sweet voice,
Wonderful is the music that brings her into the jungle.
Behold! what Lorik has done?
O, it is a *madai*

Chandeni—(Contd.)

It is a work of magic - it touches the sky.
'No' he said
'Not unless you give me your betel'.
Take pearls, take gold
Take a whole kingdom from me
But don't take the betel. O Lorik'
'What of pearls and wealth and gold?
Nor a kingdom, I want
All that I have myself got
It's only your betel that I want'.
'How headstrong are you?
Indeed cruel are all men'.
Take what you like, Lorik
But do give me the magic Swing."
And look !
Here is Lorik, virile and vigorous,
And coy Chandeni—the beautiful !
He takes her in his lap
And seats her in the magic *madai*
The *madai* that touches the sky.
Behold him !
O, give a push.
And up goes Chandeni
O she is in the sky.
And there Chandeni, in the sky
O she was bewildered
'Catch me, catch me Lorik
Catch me in your arms'.
'No Chandeni dear
Call me once 'my dear', 'my lord'
Then only will I save you.'
O Lorik ! when?
If I fall to the ground, I'll surely die
How cruel you are!

Chandeni—(Contd.)

I call you my father, my brother,
O save me from death, Lorik.'
But adamant was he
'Address me as your husband' he said
How cruel !
Indeed you are cruel
Save me, O Lorik, dear, save me
You are my lord, my love, my husband',
Vigorously he extended his arms
And down came Chandeni
Behold ! she is there
Behold ! they are locked in each other's arms.

* * * * *
O, Chandeni rise up,
O, sweet, feel not so frustrated ;
I am here, my love,
Your Lorik is by your side,
And when Chandeni looked up,
Her body like the tender moon of the second night,
Glowed with joy,
She was all smiles !
Her Lorik was there by her side,
And now she need fear none,
The strength of his muscle will protect her,
And his flute will soothe her heart.
One, only one remedy was there for all her suffering
And that she had by her side,
Lorik, her man, her love.

* * * * *
Happy indeed was she now,
But without Lorik her life was a misery,
Her fire was kindled,
Her passions rose
Bawan - the impotent

Chandeni—(Contd.)

O, he was her enemy.
Her eternal fire -
Will it burn her to ashes?
Or will she get Lorik, her man?
Sleepless were her nights
Full of tears and suffering were the moments of separation.
Who would not pity her?
Her youth is being wasted.

* * *

'Come Chandeni
Let us run away—run away to a distant land.
To a land of happiness
Where we will satisfy all our desires.'
'O Lorik dear
Do let us run away
Without you I cannot be happy
Only in your bed will I get comfort'.
Let us not delay then, Chandeni;
Let us fix the date and time, now
We will not be happy here,
Till we drink the water of an impotent man's kingdom.
Only when we two are together, alone and free,
We will be happy.
And they decided to run away
They thought, they would
But at that moment there was an ill omen!
Would there be an obstruction in their way?
She was anxious
The *malin* had overheard them
And they knew nothing about it.

* * *

The appointed hour came
And the two met together
'Let us leave this land for ever they said,

Chandeni—(Contd.)

And started on their journey.
They crossed one forest,
And then they crossed another;
While they were entering the third forest.
A fierce tiger came rushing on them
'Pooh' said Lorik, it is a dirty cat.
One arrow from his bow, and the tiger was dead.
But Chandeni, O, she was really afraid,
I'll omen! she had it once again
What is to happen?
Lorik braced her up, and they crossed the forest.
On came the forces of Bawan,
His soldiers and horsemen.
'All our dreams are shattered' whispered Chandeni
'A frustrated life only shall we have' she said in a low tone.
'O Chandeni! how timid you are!
Be not afraid,
Your Lorik is by your side'.
'No, Lorik! you are brave, I know
But they are forty and you are one.
How will you fight them all?
Don't worry dear' said he
'I'll fight them all.
With only one of my arms, I'll fight,
The other will protect you
With only one arm I'll beat them all'.

* * *

Behold him fighting
The gallant hero, the brave Lorik
His one arm is protecting Chandeni
And with the other he is fighting.
He is one and they are forty
And he is fighting with only one arm!
Behold! How swift is he?

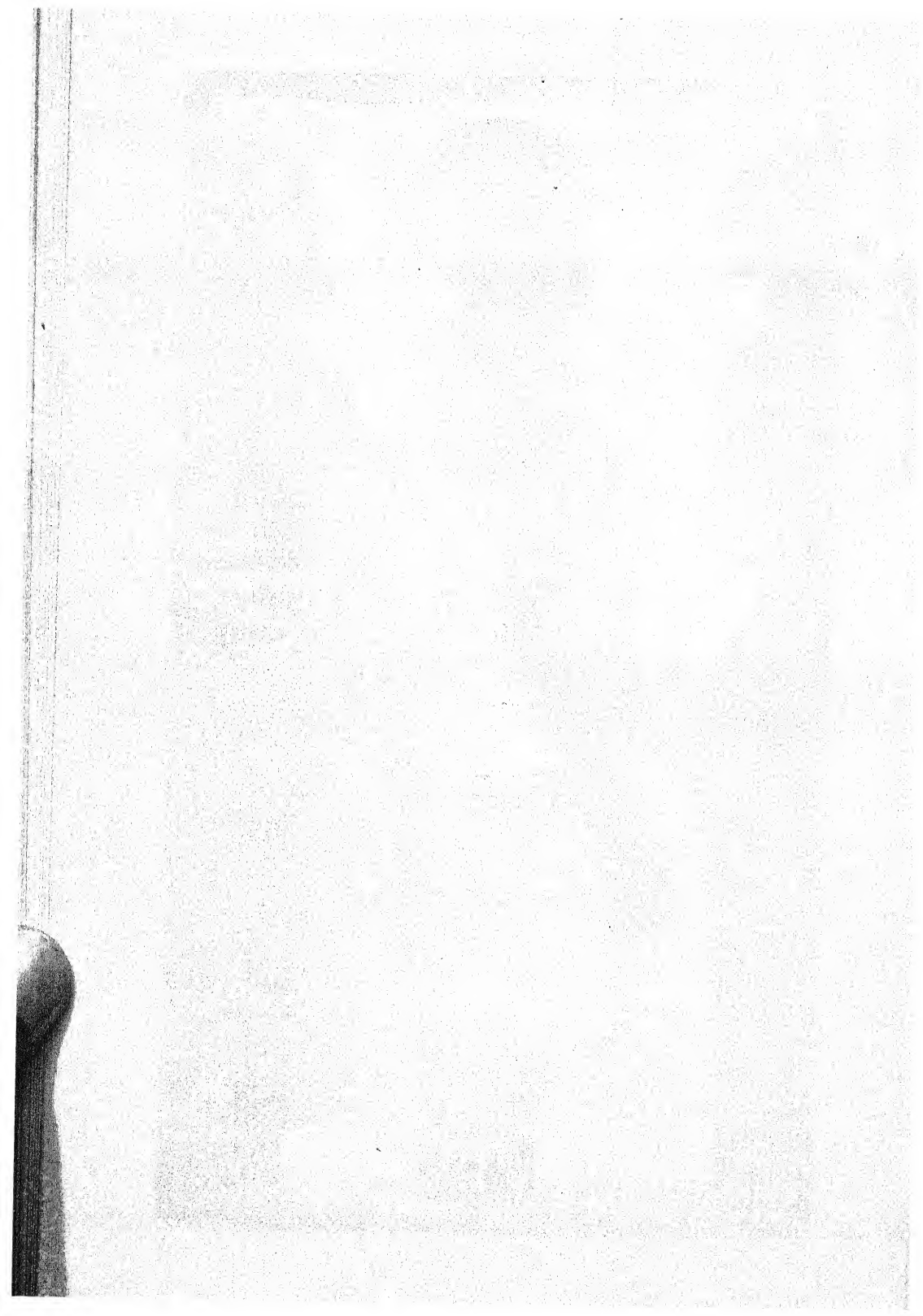
Chandeni—(Concld)

His sword moves like lightening
And his arrows pour like the rains.
He is one, and they are forty.
Behold the gallant hero in action.
He defends himself and also attacks.
O see, the enemies are falling,
One, two, three, O ten of them are dead
And there is not a scar on Lorik's person.
O, see how strong is he!
Not for a moment does he rest
He is killing them all, one by one
Behold! half the enemies are dead
And the others are running away
He was one, and they were forty
And yet he beat them.

* * *

Happy was Chandeni by his side
She had got him, got the man of her dreams.
No more tears will she have -
And no more of sorrowful brooding!
She will not have restless nights.
Her passions have got their reward -
That fire will burn her no more.
She has got her Lorik by her side
The craving of youth will burden her no more.
Happy indeed is she,
She has got her Lorik, the man of her dreams!





II

Dhola-Maru

In the fort of Narhula lived King Nala,
And in the Pingala fort was King Ben
In the palace of Nala was born a son
And in Pingala, Maru, a girl.
Happy were the kings to hear the news!
Overwhelmed with joy, Nala called his queen, and said:
'In half our age a child is born;
Let us name him Dholalal.
'Hear me, Raja' said the queen
'From Pingala has come the news
There to Ben a daughter has been born
For their marriage let a word be sent,
Pleasant, indeed, was the idea!
The king called for paper and ink,
And wrote a letter to Ben.
'In your palace is born Maru, a girl,
And in my palace, Dholalal.
Marriage of the two we propose
If you approve the idea, send us word.'
The messenger took the letter,
And went to the Pingala fort
There, in his court was seated King Ben
Happy, very happy, was he to read the letter
In joy he called his queen, and said:
'In Narhula Dhola has been born,
For him they ask our Maru in marriage'.
Happy was the queen to hear the offer,
Together the two wrote the reply-
Back came the messenger to Narhula with the reply.

Dhola—(Contd.)

'Nowhere should the child go
Lest an evil eye fall on him'.
There in the guarded room Dhola grew up.
For some time he was an infant,
And then a boy!
Some time more, and Dhola was a youth.

* * *

O, Dhola's youth has approached
Who can describe its beauty?
Enclosed within the fourwalls of the palace, thought he,
'Ever since my birth I have been here,
Enclosed within the four-walls,
Nothing, nothing whatever I have seen of the world,
Nor do I know anything about my own Kingdom!
Thus he thought and mused
And in the dead of the night
He determined to go out-to see the wide world.
In anger he ground his teeth,
And kicked the doors fiercely;
Behold! the doors are shattered to pieces,
The watchman are fast asleep;
They do not hear anything.

* * *

Dhola came out of the palace,
O look, how handsome he is!
He is wearing the shoes of velvet,
And is going about in the town.
His *dhoti* is of *gaja-moti*,
And round his head is a Benarsi turban;
Who can describe his beauty?
'Zummum Zummum'
Came the sound from his shoes,
Even those who were asleep woke up to see him,
Old women paused to glance at him,

Dhola—(Contd.)

And the young looked at him with longing.
Brides peeped through the windows,
And the young ones came out on the road to see him.
O, never have we seen such a person
Roaming in the street of the bazaar!
Every limb of his body is proportionate-
As if they had been weighed by the creator.
As if some goldsmith had moulded him on the pattern of a
God.

He looks like Narayan
O, he is so akin to the image of God!
He passed the palaces of the rich,
And then crossed the fifty-two markets,
He crossed the quarters of the businessmen,
and goldsmiths' houses.
He crossed also the bazaar of the girls.
And reached the tank!
There, in the garden adjoining the tank,
He began to roam about, here and there,
Looking all around.

* * *

Behind a mango tree was Rewa
The woman with potent magic.
From her right hand she took out some dirt,
And a parrot out of it she fashioned;
From her magic bag she took yellow and black rice,
And began chanting her spells.
'Ram Ram' said the parrot.
O, it came to life!
'O Parrot! Hear me', said Rewa,
'Dhola has come to the tank,
Go, go and sit on a branch laden with flowers,
When Dhola sees you, utter the words 'Ram Ram'.
He is the son of a king-he will shoot at you'.

Dhola—(Contd.)

The parrot flew and sat amidst the flowers.
'Teho' 'Teho' said the parrot,
And Dhola's eyes were turned to it.
He took out his *gulel*,
And aimed at the bird.
The parrot escaped the first shot,
And the second too it escaped-
Hiding behind the leaves
But with the third it came down, saying 'Ram Ram'
Seeing this, Rewa Malin was happy-
Within herself she was very happy,
'I found out the one, I wanted'- she exclaimed with joy.
She laughed heartily!
Running, she went to Dhola,
Her head was uncovered,
And a part of her *sari* was flying in the air,
Her hair was swinging here and there
Her fair body was beautiful.
One cannot describe her beauty.
She collected all her sixty four sets of magical charms.
And armed with them, she went to Dhola,
And caught him by his arm.
'From where do you come, O Pardeshi?' she asked.
'I am Dhola of Narhula' replied he.
'O, you killed this poor woman's parrot;
You must bring it back to life
Or else it will be a difficult affair'.
'How can the dead parrot come back to life' asked he.
'Try your *sat*, and bring it back to life' said she.
Dhola remembered his Guru
And with his inner force he asked the parrot to come to life.
Behold! so potent was the name of his Guru!
so potent was his *sat*.
That the dead parrot came back to life!

But Rewa once again chanted her spell
And the parrot fell dead again.

'This won't do' exclaimed Rewa.

I won't let you go till you bring it back to life,

'By mistake did I kill your parrot' said he.

'Do forgive me for it.

Take the price of your bird from me.

And do let me go'.

'The parrot must come to life', said she.

And Dhola was helpless;

He had no powers left with him.

'See Dhola, I'll do the needful' said Rewa

'But if I succeed in giving it life.

I'll catch you by your arm

And take you for all your life'

Helpless was Dhola; nothing more could he say

'Do as you like' was all he said.

'You swear by the water of the holy Ganges

That you will become mine for life,

If I give life back to the parrot'

Dhola did swear by the water of the Ganges

And when she saw him do this;

She smiled within herself.

'You have been trapped' she said

'How can you escape now?',

She took out black and yellow rice,

And chanted again her spells

Behold the parrot came back to life

Dhola was stunned.

Rewa caught him by his arm ; and said

'Pardeshi ! Now come along with me to my country',

Within himself Dhola thought

'O, I could have eacaped this misfortune,

Had I not come to the tank to-day'.

Dhola Maru—(Contd.)

She sent her charms and magic in advance,
Ordering some to make palaces,
And the others to make beautiful gardens,
With Dhola she went to live there.

* * * *

Leaving here the thread of Dhola's story
Turn your attention to Maru now
Her youth has approached.
And she is feeling its cravings.
Letter after letter she writes,
Addressing them all to Narhula
'Maru's lemon is ripe, its juice may flow away,
If Nala's Dhola comes now, he will get brimming youth,
If he comes late, he will get nothing
And will have to return disappointed.'
Such a letter she wrote to him
And sent it through a messenger.
In Narhula, nowhere could he find Dhola,
From the maid he got the news,
Of Dhola's captivity in Rewa's domain,
Back came the messenger with the news
Which brought only sorrow to Maru's heart.
In the dead of the night she began to cry,
'O, my childhood's partner was he,
He is in Rewa's captivity.
What enmity had I with her?
That witch Rewa! what had I done to her?
The Moon is the enemy of darkness
And the sword is the enemy in war
Rewa is Maru's enemy
She has held her companion in captivity'.
Hearing her weeping,
The parrot asked her,
"Tell me, O sister,

Why are you weeping to-day?
What misery has befallen you, Maru?
Why are you weeping at mid-night?"
'What shall I tell you?' replied she
'You are a bird, a parrot,
How can you be of any use to me?"
'Always, always were you kind to me, my sister
You cared for me so much;
And always gave me *ghee* and *gur*
I'll not be ungrateful, nor unfaithful,
Tell me, O sister ! I may be helpful to you".
'My beloved is in captivity, O parrot !
He is in Rewa's prison,
I'll write a letter to him
Go brother ! deliver it to him,
In the dead of the night she began to write
Tearing a piece from her *sari*'s end
She used it as paper.
Of the colerium in her eyes she made ink
And with her second finger she began to write.
'In childhood we constructed a tank,
Its dam is being destroyed,
If Raja Nala's Dhola comes now,
He only can repair it,
Or else, the water will flow away.
In childhood we planted a mango tree,
Its fruit is ripe,
If Raja Nala's Dhola comes now,
He can enjoy its juice,
Or else, it will be lost to him,
Somebody else may come and partake of it.
If Dhola has royal blood in his veins,
He will come and meet me soon.
If he is the offspring of an impotent wretch

He will stay away?
Such was the letter which she wrote,
And sent it through the parrot
To her beloved.

Twice Dhola tried to escape but failed. From Maru he
received two more messages. They inspired him to
make a final effort.

'I don't get food to suit my taste', said Dhola,
'To-day I will prepare *Kusumba* myself.
If you don't allow me to do so
Nothing, nothing whatever will I eat,'
'No, my *Raja*,
No cause to worry should you have,
When I am with you
Order what you like
And I will cook it for you.'
But Dhola was adamant
And again and again he insisted;
Rewa had to yield,
And he joyfully set to work
Twelve *paseries* of *ganja* he got
And twelve *paseries* of opium and *dhatura*
These he mixed with twelve *paseries* of *gur*
And prepared a poisonous *Kusumba*.
Then, in a different pot
Some more *Kusumba* he made;
This without poison.
In one plate he brought the *Kusumba* with poison,
And in another the sweet one,
Before himself he kept the plate with poison
And before Rewa the sweet one.
Full of suspicion as she was,

She took up Dhola's plate
And gave her own to him.
Behold! The girl is lying intoxicated
Behold! She has lost her senses.
O, look at her, she is fast asleep.
Dhola knew, the moment had come,
He took out a rope and tied her up,
And threw her on her cot;
Kicking her seven times he said;
'Meet your death, you witch,
May lightning strike your head.
He locked her in her palace,
And came to the camel *Jutha*
'Come friend, carry me to Pingala' he said
'Not I, I'll never go,' the camel replied
But Dhola entreated; and *Jutha* agreed,
And instantly they started.
When Rewa regained her consciousness
She became anxious.
Dhola has escaped! She must find him
She ran as she was
She had to run fast, and long,
For Dhola had traversed a long distance!
And when at last he came in sight,
He was in the middle of the river *Rewa*
A step more, and he would cross the limit
Beyond which her magic would not work;
Desperately she ran,
And reached the middle of the river,
Alas! Dhola had crossed her boundary,
Only *Jutha's* tail was in her reach,
She cut it mercilessly
On the bank of the river Dhola alighted.
He knew he was safe

Dhola Maru—(Contd.)

He knew that here the evil magic of Rewa would not work.

* * *

There in Pingala, a royal reception was he given
After twelve long years of captivity he was free,
Free to meet his beloved.
Everyone rejoiced at his escape
His father was happy, and so was his father-in-law.
And Maru? O, who can describe her feelings?
How happy were they all?
Ben's only daughter was Maru
And Dhola was Nala's only son
Happy was their meeting,
After twelve long years of separation,
In Narhula was Rewa's evil magic,
Reigning supreme over one and all
Dhola knew her powers,
Never again did he want to be her captive.
Together they all sat and decided
To make Pingala, Dhola's permanent abode
And there he lived and ruled with Maru
For many long years.

NOTES.

Life

A Gond Karma from Raipur District.

Youth

A Dadariya from Bilaspur district.

The Eager Heart
Separation

A Karma from Sarangarh State.

A Nachori from Raipur district.

The Chhattisgarhi women use *Mehndi* leaf paste to decorate their hands and feet with its yellowish red colour.

Friendship

A Dadariya from Raipur district.

Tears will move
him

A Dadariya from Raipur district.

Eager Steps

A Karma from Raipur district.

The Magic of her
charms

A Karma from Drug district.

I am pining for
you

A Karma from Raipur.

Doomerkhol is the name of a village.

The Lone Girl

A Dadariya from Raipur district.

The Unhappy man

A Dadariya from Bilaspur.

The Unfortunate
Girl

A Nachori from Raipur.

The happy Man

A Nachori from Raipur.

They make me mad
Love Songs

A Karma from Bilaspur district.

Dadariya from Raipur and Bilaspur.

Taroi is the name of a creeper.

Sari is the ordinary dress of Indian women.

Pardeshi literally means a foreigner.

Raja literally means King.

Dhoti is a man's loin cloth.

Sawan and Bhadou are the names of two months falling in the rainy season.

Notes—(Contd.)

Karel is the bitter gourd.

Chana-bhaji is the vegetable prepared from the leaves of gram-plant.

Sukwa is the name of the bright star Venus, which is the first to appear in the sky every evening.

Roti means bread. *Balam* means Sweetheart.

Pangs of Separation A Dadariya from Bilaspur and Raipur.

Raj means a kingdom.

Fatuhi means an under-shirt.

Kurta is an Indian type of shirt.

Chongi is the village smoking pipe made of tender leaf.

Tijera is a type of fever which comes every third day.

Dewar is husband's younger brother.

Kharjarha is type of fever.

Gori literally means fair-complexioned.

Tulsi is the basil plant sacred to God Vishnu.

Ram is the name of Hindu God. It is customary for the village folk to wish each other saying Ram-Ram.

Complaints

Karma and Dadariya from Raipur and Bilaspur.

Warning

A Dadariya from Raipur.

Passion

Dadariya from Raipur and Bilaspur

Tuma is a sweet gourd.

Two Wives

Karma from Raipur.

Pipal is *ficus religiosa*.

The Dadariya

A Dadariya from Raipur.

**Englishman's Raj
Dialogue
Child Birth**

A Dadariya from Nandgaon state
A Bansgeet from Raipur
A Sohar from Sarangarh.
Nanad is the term for husband's sister.

Kanhaiyalal is derived from the name of Lord Krishna.

Sakhis are women friends.

Marriage Songs

A Bihaw-geet from Raipur.

Baratis, persons going in a marriage procession.

Neem, a tree

Bhauji, Elder brother's wife

Nath, an ornament for nose

Pairi, an ornament for legs

Titri, an ornament for ears.

Har, a necklace.

Tikuli, an ornament for the head.

Chowk, rectangular designs made in various colours on the earth for special ceremonies.

Lagun a document fixing the marriage written by a priest at a special ceremony. *Raghuwar*, God Ramchandra.

**Dewar Bhauji
The obstinate Jogi**

A Sua-geet from Raipur.

A Sua-geet from Bilaspur.

Jogi, an ascetic.

Dola, Palanquin.

For the Dear one

A Sua-geet from Sarangarh.

Sasural, father-in-law's house.

Barais, People dealing in betel leaves.

Malins, Women making garlands.

Hunger

Life

**Tribal Songs of the
Kamar**

A Dadariya from Raipur.

A Dadariya from Raipur.

All these songs have been recorded from the Kamars of the Fingeshwar and Bindranawagarh Zamindaris of Raipur district.

Begar, Forced labour.

Sirkar, Government.

Panchayat, Tribal council.

Dahi, The primitive method of shifting cultivation employed by the Kamars. They first fell the trees and then burn them. The seeds are sown later on the ashes.

Katha, One katha is nearly equal to four seers.

Chandeni

Chandeni literally means moon-light. It is a very romantic name.

Dhola Maru

Nagara, a huge drum.

Samdhis, The fathers of bride and bridegroom are each other's *samdhis*.

Parghani, Taking the marriage procession round the village, at least nominally.

Benarsi, style common in Benares.

Narayan, One of the many names of God Vishnu

Guru, Spiritual teacher.

Sat, Truth, inward force.

Ghee, Butter heated and purified.

Gur, Unrefined sugar.

Kusumba, A beverage.

Paseri, Five seers.

Ganja and *Dhatura*, poisonous substances.

Some Folktales of Kolhan (Singhbhum, Bihar)

By D. N. Majumdar

Sahadeya Bura Ondo Chutu reya Kahani.

Munu-reya kaji chi musing din Sahadeya Bura Sintane-
taikena

Old story that one day Sahadeya the old man was ploughing

Ondo sitan-sitante miad chutu sinum tada. E n t e
and while ploughing one rat ploughing found. Then

Sahadeya Bura chutu do goji teya namtana, mendo chutu
kaji keda

Sahedya (old) rat to kill wanted, but rat said

A! Sahadeya Bura alom gojinga, ain miad esu bugin budinj

"Oh! Sahadeya Bura don't kill me, I one very good trick

jagarama". Ente en chutu do lijare tondom-kite oate idi-kia
will tell you." Then that rat in cloth binding home he took.

Chutu mi chipud leka baba jom-keto kaji-keda, Sahadeya
rat one handful of paddy eating said, Oh! Sahadeya (old)

Bura tising karamcha ko ama chare sim-ko-jom-teyako-
kepajji

today foxes your house in to eat your fowls pro-

tana, enamente am miad datarom sabakayate simko cha-
duar rey ukua

posing, therefore you one say the holding bowl house on door

kanome ondo bolo-tan redo-ko tombakome" Sahadeya Bura
remain hiding and they entering strike them." Sahadeya

enkage rika keda ondo sabin karamchako tomba-ked-koa,
mende

accordingly acted and all the foxes he hit; but

bandia karamcha kaji-keda, Chuilamatey sim sodape tana?
tail-loss fox said, when the fowl did peck you?

Sahadeya Bura cha tombapetana." Chanab do Sahadeya
Bura

Sahadeya it was who pecked." Afterwards Sahadeya

ol-lente sabin karomchako kaki-nir-ked-koa. Eta musing
coming out all foxes put them to flight. Another day

ondoge karamchako bichar-keda chi abu Sahadey Bura
once again foxes planned that we Sahadeya Bura's

ohare godra-mindibu kumbua. En kaji chutu aumuda ondo
house-in ram shall steal. That plan the rat heard and

Sahadeya Bura kajiada chi tising do karamchako ama chare
Sahadeya told that today foxes your house-in

Godra-mindiko kumbua ena mente am miad mogaru
saba-kayte

ram will steal therefore you one mallet taking

mindiko cha duar re ukuakanome ondo bolo-redo ko ente
ram's fold door on remain hiding and enter if they with that

koram kom. Sahadeya miad miad-te sabin koy koram
pura ked koa.

strike them. Sahadeya one by one all he struck

ondo chanab te bandia ko bolo-ichitana mendo bandia
and afterwards tail-less one they asked to enter but the tail-

aher tege adana ondoy kajiakotana chi chuilamatey mindi
less beforehand knew and he said that when is it that rams

ro-pe tana? ini Sahadeya Bura cha koram pe tana.
Chanab do

butt you? there Sahadeya surely is striking you. Thereafter

Karamcha-ko

the foxes

e-poromogekonreana. An reage karamchako kako boroyana
passing stool took to flight. Even then foxes were not frightened

Ondo musing din bakaire kakaru kumba teya ko tik keda-an
and one day in garden pumpkin to steal they planned that
en kaji chutu ayumad koa. En kaji Sahadeya Bura kajiruaia
plan the rat overheard. That plan to Sahadeya re-told
ondo kaji keda, "A Sahadeya Bura, am tising do pura leku
and said, "Oh! Sahadeya you today a good deal of
kakaru-utu amakam ondo kakaru dupila kaete sikaure-baher
pumpkin-curry eat and pumpkin on head hanging a rope
haka taete.
to rest on.

en-re dubakanome ondo en kakaru ko huaeteya ko sanang
thereon sit and that pumpkin to bite they want
redo petepetetan ehi me." Sahadeya Bura enkage rika
keda
if you purge." Sahadeya accordingly acted.

Karamchako seneyana ondo miad ujeane te kakaru
hua keda.

Foxes went and one jumping pumpkin bit.

En dipilang Sahadeya Bura potopototane chi adu keda.
In the mean time Sahadeya purged down.

En chi jomkedte kamramcha esui ransaiana ondo kajikeda
chi

That stool eating the fox very glad became and said that
nen kakaru da esu matakana ondoin boga tab keda.
En kage
that pumpkin was over-ripe and so I broke it. In the same way
sabin karamchako rika keda ondo kaji keda-mendo bandia
all foxes did and said, but tail-less

karamcha kaji keda, "Naha danae kakarum joman-eni
fox said, "Well now you think to have eaten ripe

Sahadeya Bura cha chitan-enape jom tan." En bandia do
pumpkin, Sahadeya surely is purging, you eating." That tail-less

Saning rege taina ondo eta karamcha kodo esu ko kurkuraia
at a distance stood and the other foxes much got angry.

En Sahadeya Bura's nutum kaji ked rege bandia karamcha do
That Sahadeya's name uttered tail-less fox

esu ko kakia ondo ko huaia. Ente musing karamcha
ko bichar keda,
they chased and bit. Then one day foxes planned

"Nen Sahadeya Bura halte abui ejakad bua, musing-bu
This Sahadeya Bura us outwits, one day,

baigoia" Nen kaji kapaji tan re chuti aumad koa ondo
we will kill him by black art. While talking about this
plan the rat overheard them and

Sahadeya Bura jagarada-ente chanab do chutu Sahadeya
buri

Sahadeya Bura informed them afterwards the rat Sahadeya's wife
te kaji samjao taiyal chi am musing din haming gojerjana
explained to that you one day your husband's death

mente ra-ra me. Buri era ankage musing din ra-a tana ondo
bewail. The old woman accordingly one day mourned and

karamchako ayumaia. Ente karamchako buri era ko kulitana,
foxes heard her. Then foxes old woman asked,

"Chia jianj okoye gojeyana-anam ra-a tana." Buri era
well, grand mother who is dead that you weeping? The old woman

kaji keda, "Haming cha gojeyana." Karamchako kajikeda,
replied, "My husband died." Foxes said

"Enredo jiang aleole ra-ra ondo hasa gara reole ur-denga
meya."

Then grand ma' we also shall mourn and grave help digging

Ante buri era ehad ko gehae. Karamchako ondo buri era

Then old woman said 'yes' to them. Foxes and old woman

ser jati te eu potom tadah miad mutu ko topa keda. Ante
torn mat wrapped one long they buried.

chanab do sabsin rea koy diliad koa, Sahadeya Bura do
 afterwards *sabsin* ceremony invited them. Sahadeya Bura
 ukuakante menae gea. Dilikan somae tebayan re sabin
 remained hidden. Fixed time having come all
 karamchako seter lena. Buri era orakente ondo mundekete
 foxes arrived. The old woman bathing and cooking rice
 omad koae. Ente nelko tanae chi sabin ko repe tana.
 served them. Then she saw them all snatching one another's share
 Buri era metad koa chi apedo nekape repaya ena mente
 The old woman told them, you this way snatch, therefore
 tangan tangan nein tol tapeya—en redo esu bugilekatepe
 separately I will tie you. Then only much peacefully
 jomeya. Buri era tol tad koe te madi amad koa. Tik
 ko jom
 will eat. The old woman tying them rice gave them. Just when
 sikao tan dipilang Sahadeya Bura mogaru sabakaete oa
 bitarete
 they finishing Sahadeya Bura mallet holding from within house
 ol lena ondo sabin karamcha koe koram goe ked koa.
 came out and all foxes struck them dead.

Sikuar baer—rope to rest on.

pete pete tan— with the sound 'pete pete'

poto poto tan—with 'poto poto' sound.

sera jati te eu potam tadah—adj. clause, qualifying log.
 meaning, a log which was wrapped up with an old mat

Sabsin-sradh ceremony

Masuri Jang Rea Kahani.

A Masuri Seed the Story of

Esu din rea kajichi mido doba hon ondo barandi honlo king
Long ago of story that one Dhobi's son and a barber's son they

sapakiana. Musing doba hon esu ko erang kia ondo eni
had same name. One day Dhobi's boy was much scolded and he
ohaete sta-disum-te nir teyae namtana-Enkage barandi hono
from home to other land to flee wanted. In the same way barber
boy

erang ki teko nir tana. Chanabdo musing din midtareking
being scolded was fleeing. Afterwards one day at one place

bepetaeyana. Doba hon kaji keda, 'chia saking! okon tem
tana?'

met each other. Dhobi's son said, "Well my name sake, where to?"

Barandi hon kaji keda chi ain ko arangintana anamentein
Barber boy said that 'I am scolded therefore I

nir-tana ondo am saking okon tem tana? Doba kaji keda chi
am fleeing and you name sake where are you going, Dhobi's son said

ainyo ko arang kiding tein nir tana. Ente chanabdo midte
'I being scolded am fleeing.' Then afterwards together

nir tea king kaji keda. Huring saning king senoeyan re
to flee both agreed. A little distance having gone

miad ro-masuri jang king beta tada ondo ana holad-te
one dry masur seed both met and that with razor

had chata kedte miad miad chata king hating keting jom
keda.

splitting each one piece dividing ate

Barandi hondo holad, nepelupurum, racham eman sabine
edakada

Barber boy razor, looking glass, scissors, etc took with him.

mendo doba hondo sama tege senotana.

but Dhobi's boy empty went

Seno seno te miad esu marang buru reking tebaeyana

Going one vast forest in both reached

En buru re miad munda lekan kulaha undu taikena ondo eni-

In that forest one headman-like tiger's den was and he

aya undutarege dubakante porja koa bichare bichara. Doba hon

near his den sitting was administering justice. Dhobi's son

ondo barandi hon king giti teya taed nam namte tik en kula

and barber boy sleeping place in search of just tiger's

undu king nam keda ondo nida do anrege king taiken Tik-

den both found and night therein passed. Just

nida dipilang do kula hujulena ondo chadlom do undu-re

in the night the tiger came and tail in den

adutaete dubeana. Anpa undu bitar re doba hon ondo
barandi

placing sat. There den within Dhobi's son and barber's

hon lo king kapaji tana. Barandi hon menkeda, "Alang nen

son were talking. Barber's son said, "We both

kula chadlom lang hadia." Nen kaji ayum ked te deba hon

this tiger tail will cut." This speech hearing Dhobi's boy

kaji keda, "Kalanga, neko nentare nimin kulako duba
kana, ondo

said "We wont, these here so many tigers and sitting and

nilang-hadiredo alang doko hua goe langa" Mendo barandi

if we both cut this one we both shall be bitten to death."

on kae manatingeyana ondo sakite kajiada, "Kam

But barber boy did not obey and said to his namesake "As you

manatingredo enanga masure jang am ruainme." Ante
doba hon

don't obey masur seed return me. "Then Dhobi's

manating eyanaiondo kula chadlom had ked geyaking. Kula
 agreed and tiger's tail they cut. The tiger
 hasu ki redo esui betengeyana ondo sabin kulako nireyana.
 with pain much startled and all the tigers fled
 Doba hon ondo barandi hon king dida nidage etare tainteya
 Dhobi's boy and barber boy also by night other place to
 king nameyana. Ente miad marang daru reking rakabeana
 lodge went in search. Then one big tree both climbed
 Huring gari re buru ren raja joto kula en-daru-suba-rege
 Shortly jungle's king the lion under that tree
 soba kada. Sabin kula ko ondo had ked bandia kulao
 held a meeting. All the tigers and the tail-cut tiger too
 seterakana. Doba hondo kulako nelked te esui boro keda.
 arrived. Dhobi's boy tigers seeing got very much afraid
 Barandi hon doba hon lija te koto re toljuataiya, enreyo
 The barber boy Dhobi's boy with cloth to a branch tied him
 imine boro keda chi dokol dokol te aye tola kau koto
 nightly, even then so much frightened that trembling the
 rapudeyana ondo etere hasa hosu tane eueana. Euton-
 dipilang
 branch broke and on ground with a crash fell. With
 barandi hon daji keda, "Mara talang saking sabkame,
 falling barber boy said "Go on my namesake, catch them,
 nekogelang nambatana." Nena ayum kedte sabin kula ko
 these we seek." This hearing all tigers
 nireana. Chanab do sapakia endo eta tiking senoyana.
 fled. Afterwards both to another place went.
 Sen sente musing nida pang miad rakshas oha reking taiyana
 Going one night one giant's house in both stayed.
 ondo hora paete kercha kudlam, sid bor baer, Chacha hata
 and in their way worn out spade old rope, winnowing

ondo miad sukuri hon king id torsa kada. Angeyan redo
fan, and one small pig both took. At dawn

rakshas huju lean ondoe neletana chi cha do bitar pahete
the giant came and saw that the house from within

hardeda kana. Ente Rakshas okoy meha mente eukeda
Bitare

was shut. Then giant who is there to find out cried. From

teking kaji ruaiya, "Aling mena linga." Rakshas kuli ked
within both replied, we two are." Giant asked them

kinga, "Chimin ben peana? Aking kaji keda. "Kaling
peana"

both, "How much strength have you? Both said, "We two have no
Rakshas kaji keda, "Acha, abena datain nel leka." Ante
strength." Giant said, "Well, your teeth I will see." Then

Khirki-hora kercha kudlam king udubaiya. Rakshasa
anae nel

through window wornout spade both showed. Giant that seeing
kete leye udub echi-ked—kinga. Aking sid boro baer king
tougue told them to show. They both old straw rope

udubaeya. Rakshas kaji keda, "Aben lutur nel-teyain-sanang
showed. Giant said "You two's ear I want to see

tana." Ante chacha hata king ududaeya. Chanab re
Then old winnowing fan both showed. Afterwards

Rakshas kaji keda, "Acha sabinein nel pura keda-boren
Giant said, "Well I saw everything—of head

miad siku udubainben," Aking sukuri hen king udubaeya
one louse show me." Both pig's young one showed

Aking Rakshas king Kulikeda, "Alingado Sabinam
nelkeda,

Both giant asked, "Our all thing saw,

ama leye honang jakam nel achialing redo esu bugina."
your tongue if you show us it will be very good."

Rakshas akinga kaji manatingeyana ondo leye udubad kinga

Giant to both's speech agreed and tongue showed them-

Ente barandi hon Rakshasa leye had-teyae-namtan a mendo

Then barber boy Giant's tongue wanted to cut but

doba hon do esui boroye tana. Barandi hon kaji keda, "Da Dhobi's boy was much afraid. Barber boy said, "Give

anredo holama-nem-jom-ked-masuri-jang am urainme." Doba then the Masur seed you ate give me back. " Dhobi's

hon kaji keda, "Acha anredo hadi reom masuri jang okonetein

boy said, "Well then you may cut him, masur seed where namana." Barandi hon chilika Rakshasa leye had keda from I shall get." Barber boy as soon as Giant's tongue cut

ankage Rakshas gurean te goeana ondo anta mayom te pereana.

soon Giant fell down dead that place with blood

Aking chanab do Rakshas oa kata rama, ti-rama ondo lutur overflowed. Both afterwards Giant's toes, fingers and ears king had kete ata tiking senoyana. En Rakshas iminang cutting elsewhere went. That Giant was so

dustui taikena chi okoyo aya chate sen keya kaka borsaeya wicked that no one to his house to go dared.

Ena mente raja hukum tada chi okoye hen Rakshas goia-ini Therefore the king ordered that whoever that Giant will kill

lo ayain hon arain andi kite ada rajain amaia. Aking-had-with him my daughter marrying half the kingdom I will give.

ki chanab miad kuntal chatu bari tade te en Rakshas-oha- Their cutting him afterwards a potter carrying pots past

iapate seno tan taikena. Chilika en kunkal Rakshas goa Giant's house was going. As soon as the potter saw the

kane nel kia ankage chatu ko taba rapud kete Rakshasoa
dead Giant soon threw away pots in Giant's blood roll-

mayom-re bati kena ondo esu ransa te ohate ruaena. Ente
ed himself and very gladly to home returned. Then

Kaji biur keda, "Ain (Kunkal) an Rakshas-ain goe kia."
declared. "that Giant killed."

Raja ena-aum-kedte-asui-ransaena ondo kunkal-lo raja-hon-
King hearing that became very glad and with potter

ara loho andi hobaotea din ko din tada. Nepa kunkul do-
princess marriage day was fixed. Now potter to

raja-arain-andi mente aya hon buri sabine ru-nir ked koa.
marry the princess thinking his children and wife all beat

Tik andi-din-tebayan-re doba hon ondo barandi hon kinho
and drove away. When marriage day came up Dhobi's boy and

an raja oha king setereyana ondo king kaji keda, "Aling
barber boy too that king's house arrived and said, "We two

Rakshas do goe taia, hunkal goe tainedo, chikan nisan koe
Giant killed if the potter killed it what signs has he

agutada-aling do ne aya leye, lutur, katarama, tirima
brought? We two this his tongue, ear, toes fingers

sabina ling agu tade." Neako nel ked redo ko kunkal do
everything have brought." These seeing potter was

chakad-redo-leka-kia ondo ahako gaha ased taete ru nir kia.
found a liar and sewing up his mouth beat him away.

Chanab do barandi hon ondo raja, hon era lo andi hobayana
Then barber boy and the princess marriage took place and

ondo asu bugi leka tako taiana.

they lived very happily.

Renge Sitiya Kahani.

Poor boys' story.

Misa mido esu renge sitiya taikena. Aeya engate

Once one very poor boy was. His mother

suad taikena. En sitia merom gupikete ja bati ko

alone was. That boy goats tending wages they

emaieya entegeking asulentan taikena.

paid him by that both maintained themselves.

Musing din engate baria lad-e baileda, ondo ena mimiad-

One day mother his two cakes made, and that one each

king hating-keda.

both divided.

Sitia lad jomjomte merom gupi senoyana.

By cake eating goats to tend went.

Okontare dimsi goat koa entare

Where daily he penned them

miad kukuruakan daru taikena. En sitia

a hollow tree was. The boy

jomseare-lad na-aye pang jomea men

the cake remaining after eating later on to eat

urukedte en kukuru daru re ema-tuda.

thinking that hollow tree in placed and went.

Ayubpang huju-ura tanre neletana

In the evening while returning found

chi lad do banoa, mendo endar-re miad

that cake was not, but there one

daru harayana ondo en-re lad joa-kana

tree grew up and there-on cakes grew

Ena nel kedte en sitia esue ransayana ondo jo-lad jom-kedte
 That seeing that boy very glad became and fruit-bread eating
 oa-te senoyana. Enkage dimsi en sitia meromko
 home went. This way daily that boy goats
 goat taite en daru reya lade joma. Musing din jomtu-
 put into pen that tree of bread ate. One day giantess
 en-darusubare seterlena ondo sitiya kajiatana, "Aino
 under that tree reached and to the boy spoke, "For me also
 talang lad euain me." Sitia daruetege kajikeda,
 dear bread drop." Boy from tree spoke,
 "Mar ondo ote renj eu-ama," Jomtu-era kaji keca,
 "All right on the ground I drop for you," Giantess said
 "Kanya, ote-ote-sohano-tedo." Ondo misa sitia kajikeda,
 "I wan't, it will smell like ground." Once more boy said,
 Lija-re ondo atangeme." Jomtu-era kajikeda, "Kanya
 "On cloth then receive it." Giantess said. "I won't
 lija-lija-sohanotedo" Amge agulente ti-rem emain
 it will smell like cloth." You personally coming down in
 redo esu bugioa." Ente sitia agulente
 hand give me if will be very good!" Then boy alighting
 ti-re emaitan taikena. En dipilang
 in hand was going to hand over. That time
 jomtu-era sitiya sabki-te bosta-re tolkiya
 giantess boy catching in a sack tied
 ondo aya oate dupil-id-kiya. Sensente hora-re
 and her home carried him on the head. Walking on way
 eni da tetang kiya ondo sitia dona-tui te da nu-te
 he felt thirst and boy bringing down from head water
 senoyana. En japa ta rage sitan hoko taikena
 to drink went. Near that ploughing men were

ondo enko en bosta ko ra keda ondo sitia ko nir-ichi-kiya
and they that sack opened and boy let run away

Chanab en bosta-re diriko pereura kedteko tol esed keda
Afterwards that sack in stones refilling fastened

ente siuteko ruhayana. Jomtu-era ruhalente bosta reya
then to plough returned. Giantess returning sack's

patam aya oate dupil seter keda, ondo rakedte nele
parcel her home carried on head, and unfastening looked

tan redo sitia kae nam taya. Ente menkeda. "Tisinge
for the boy could not find him. Then he thought "To-day

chakad kidinga, gapado kae pocho-a." Gapater tik
he outwitted me, tomorrow he will not escape." Next day just

entarege jomtu-era en sitia-e beta-ura-taia. Ayer
on the same spot giantess that boy again met. As

musing leka-ge chakad ki-te sab-kiya ondo bosta-re tol-
before deceiving him caught him and in sack bound

kucha-ki te oate dupilid kiya mendo netora okontareo ka-e
him to home carried on her head but this time no where

don-keda. Ente eni honte era-a kajiado, "Ni—
put it down. Then he to her daughter said. "This

tising enj aguakaya ondo isintai-me, ain oraintein
very day I have brought and cook him, I to bathe

senotana. Honte-era chuila bosta-e rakeda enredo
am going. Now daughter when sack unfastened than

sitia honte-era-e subkuchakite basangakan dare udur
boy her daughter seizing boiling water in pushed her

kanju kiya ondo-e nireyana. Jomtu-era orakenete
down and he ran away. Giantess bathing

ruha len redo honte-era basanga-kan dare goja kan
returned when her daughter boiled water in seeing

nelkite esue ra-honor-heda.

her dead much bewailed.

Tuyu Ondo Sitanko

Fox and ploughman

Sida nen disum-re diri, daru, tuyu ondo kula balu-ko

Formerly this earth, stone, tree, fox and tiger bear

kapaji-tana. An dipilang mido siutan ho ta-te miad

all talked. That time one ploughman to one fox

tuyu hujū lēna. Ente metaja chia saking! Chutu

came. Then said, "Well Saking! rats

kodo-ko si namo tana-chi bano? Ho kaji kedo-eya

plough out or not? Man said, yes.

saking namogeyako. Enta rege miad bunum taikēna.

Saking they are found On the spot an ant-hill was

An bunum toang kete tuyu—do an chetan-re dub ichi

That ant-hill breaking the fox thereon made him

taiya. Huring gari redo tuyua dubui nidir-ko

sit. After some time fox hip white ants

jom-putu kiya. Ho chanab do miad chutu si-nam-li-te

ate into. Man then a rat ploughing out

jid-tege tuyui amada, Chilika tuyu chutui jom-keda

living to fox gave. As soon as fox rat ate

an-jaked chutu-do dubui-pa horae nir ol tabeyana. Ante

immediately rat hip through ran out. Then

tuyu-do ransa-te ni miad tain, ni miad tain chutu mente

fox through gladness this one my rat understand-

miad ni-ge jom biur tana. Tuyu dubui nelen tan redo

ing the same one ate again and again. Fox hip saw when

aya dubui putuakanae. Ante an hoe kulitana-Chia

his hip was penetrated. Then that man asked-well

Saking dubui-do okoy threin dalob ichina Ho

Saking hip who will cover. Man

metaitana muchi tare dalob ichin-me. Tuyu muchie
said. "Have it covered by a drum maker." Fox to drum maker

Kajiado-a muchi ain dubui dalob tain-me ondo dims
said. You drum maker, my hip cover and daily

mipiad simkoinj aguama. Chanab-do muchi tuyua kaja
one fowl I will bring you. Then drum maker to fox's words

ayum keda ondo dalob taiyae. Ante tuyu dama sotate
obeyed and covered him. Then fox drum stick with

dubui ru lekan tana.

hip beat.

Musing din tuyu hatute sentana ondo dubui dubu-dubu-tan

One day fox to villages went and his

ru idin tante, eyu idi tanai-chi-ochai paiki parja-ko,
drum. You all people,

sabin nir-atape. Raja-ko huju tana. Nen kaji ayum
all flee away, the kings are coming. This speech hearing

kedte sabin-ko nireana ond tuyu sim-ko aya ji-pere jam
all fled and fox fowls to his heart's content

kedkook miad-do muchi idada. Ankage sabin din sim-ko
eating one he took to the drum maker. In this way always fowls

jom jom-te jom chabako tonaye. Musing din sabin ho—ko
eating he finished. One day all the people

budi keda. Miad sukuri-oha-re mido buri-ora-ko handed-
devised a plan. One pig-house in one old woman shut

kur taia. An dipilang-re tuyu dubu-dubu tan ru hujui-
up. That time fox drumming came

tanai ondo dims eyui leakage eyu hujui tana. Sabin

and as usual

came crying

All

ho-ko buriana suad-ko bageatuia Okon dipilang tuyu
people women alone left. While fox

seter lena buri era kaji keda "Ne gecha tuyu amge
approached old women said, "There you are ! fox, you

chakad te sabin simkom jom chabake tana" Ente tuyu
by deceit all fowls eat up." Then fox

asui kurkureyana ondo buri-era data-e tuinj rapud kia ondo
very angry because and old woman teeth struck and broke;

sim-ko jom ked koaye. Chanab-do nireyan ho-ko hujurua
and fowls ate. Afterwards the men who fled re-

lened buri era-ko kulikia, "Sari gechi Raja, kodo-ko
turning old women asked, "Was it true that Rajah

huju lena?" Buri-era kaji keda, 'Su-yu.' *
came?" Old women said "Fox"

chanab-do buri-era suku-jang. teko tata-rua-liya, ante-ko
Then they old women pumpkin seeds with made her teeth, then

kuli kia ondo buri ara tik-tik "tuyu' mente kaji keda.
they asked and old women correctly 'fox' uttered

Sabin ho-ko bichar keta-chi-abu nen tuyu-bu Sabia.
All the people planned. We this fox will watch,

Ante miad bndi-ko uru nam keda. Ini sabi lagid kita
then one plan they thought out. To catch him, making

galang tan buri-era murti situad-reya ko bai leda ondo
mat old woman's idol of wax made and
enado tuyu-huju-hora-reko dub tada. Ante tuyu-do huju
on the way the fox used to come seal it. Then while fox coming
tanre kaji keda, buri era! hora atomain-me ban redo dama
said, "Old woman make way for me otherwise with

* As she lost her teeth she could not pronounce 'tuyu (fox)
but 'suyu' and when artificial teeth were made and fitted
she could correctly say 'tuyu'

sota tein hudma meya mendo buri ara jokao kay atomeyana
drum stick hurl at you but the old woman did not move
even a bit

ondo tuyu dama sota-te hudma kia. Dama sota anrege
and the fox with drumstick hurled at him. The drumstick
in that

atayana, ante tuyu buri-era dama sotaye asi urai tana mendo
stuck, then fox old woman drumstick demanded but she

kaye amaya. Chanab-do tuyui kurkureyana ondo buri-era
did not give. Then fox too got angry and old woman

kuam-re tega kia-mendoe atayana. An dipilang sabin ho-
on the chest kicked but was stuck. That time all men

ko nir huju leda ondo tuyu ko sab kia ondo esutikilekateko
came running and fox they caught and very soundly

tam kia ondo chanab-do tam-tam teko tam goy rena kia.
beat him and then beat him quite dead-

Raja Hon-Ara Ondo Mantrihon Reya Kahani.

(King's daughter and minister's son's story)

Asu din reya kiai chi miad raja-a hon ara-ko pura leka-ko.
Long long ago on king's daughters many

taikena ondo miad asu bugin koatani taikena, Sabin
were and one very beautiful. All

koa kui miad school-re geko parao kena. Eratan-ko parao
boys and girls in the same school read. For girls the

teya-do chetan mahala-reya ondo koa tan-ko parao teya-do
room was in upstairs and for boys study room was

latar reya. Enka enka-te huring din chanab-re Raja-a
downstairs. in course of time King's

hon-era-ko mantri hon-re esu-ko loveyana ondo eni-lo andin
daughter with minister's son fell in love and with him to

teya-ko sanangeyana. Mendo mantri ayer tegaya hon-do
marry wished. But the minister beforehand his son

esu bugilekate kaji samjao taeyae chi Raja hon-era kolo
well instructed him that with king's daughters

alom hepela ondo alom kapajia. Enlekage mantri-hon-do
do not meet and do not talk. Accordingly minister's son

aputeya kaji esu tik lekate saitiba keda, mendo enreoge
father's words thoroughly obeyed, but even then

chanab-do perao parao—te mantri-hon-do mido Raja-a hon-era
at length during school hours minister's son with one of the

laye apasoraye-ana. Chanab-do baro jakeda mon miad
sutam

king's daughters came into intimacy. At last both's hearts
were bound into one

re toleyana. Baro jaked king seped hapanumeyan redo
cord Both grew young then to

eta saning disum-te nir teya king sanangeyana. Ente
some distant country to flee they intended. Then

musing tala nida miad sadom-re dubeyan tiking nireyana.
En.

one midnight riding a horse eloped. That

sadom-do-misa hansa li-re l (7) gaudi ujena. Mantrihon
horse once 7 miles galloped. Minister's son

ondo Raja hon-era, jome nuiteya taka poyesa-ko pura-aleka
and king's daughter, for food and drink money mnch

king id keda. Raja hon-era-do miad esu tangan lekan
they took with them. King's daughter one very peculiar sword

torai ida kada. En torai esu lesera ondo ente diri lekan
took. That sword was very sharp and with it anything

kere teya reyo misa ma-a-ke rege odoa. Nepa akinga apu-
hard as stone with one stroke broke. There their par-

ko esu-ko nam lekad kinga mendo jan hatu reyo kako
beta tad

ents thoroughly made a search for them but in any village did
not meet

kinga. Aking-do misao ka-nelad lekan disum reking
setere-

them. They both a country never seen arrived at

yana, ondo midta redo sen sente da tetang ked kinga. Aking
and at a place in their journey they felt thirsty. They

da nam namte miad rakshas-ko oha reking setereyana. En
both water to search a giant's house came to. In

rakshas oha-re ho Kohatan-ko ondo akoka engate taikena.
that giant's house seven boys and their mother lived.

I ho-ko bitar-re-te turui ho-ko andia kana ondo sabin koyete
Out of seven six were married and the youngest of

huring ni Damagurguria-do dinda tege taikena. Okon
musing

them all Damagurguria bechelor was. That day

mantrihon ondo raja-honera an rakshas oha king beta
leda, en

when the minister's son and king's daughter to that giant's
reached, that

musing do Damagurguria re era nam lagid Sabin undi
boya eta

day Damagurguria for bride to search all brothers to a foreign

disum teko sen lena. Mantri-hon ondo Raja-hon-era en
country went. Minister's son and king's daughter that

rakshas koa engate da-a nui teya king asitana. Rakshas
giant's mother for water drinking asked. The

Buri era-do Raja-hon-era-e nel ked-te esui ransaena ondo
old giantess king's daughter seeing became very glad and

aya honte Damagurguria-re andi teyae sanangeyana.
Buri-era

his son Damagurguria to marry wished. The old woman

uru keda-chi an seped (mantri-hon) do Raja-hon-era
kumbu lite

thought that youth (Minister's son) king's daughter stole

nira kana ena mente enkina jagar jagar-te esui gahari ked
away therefore talking to made them very

kinga, enreyo aya hon kodo auri geko setera. Chanab do
late, even then her sons did not turn up. Afterwards

mantri-hon ondo Raja-hon-era eta tiking senoyeyana-mendo
minister's son and king's daughter somewhere went-but

senotan dipilang buriera mi chipud leka mani jang sakam-re
at the time of their departure old woman one handful of mustard
seeds in a leaf

chipud kete akinga sadow chadlom te-tol tada.
packing to their horse's tail bound.

manijang okon tare eua, en-ta-re enete miad ba daru

Huring saning king senoyana rege
A little distance they had gone when

rakshasko sabin-ko seter rua lena, Ente engate-do
little giants all returned. Then their mother

esui erang ked koa, ondo kajiad koa chi na-age mido esu
scolded them much, and told them just now one very

bugin kuitani mido ho id taeya, anking na-age nir beta
beautiful girl a man took, they two just now run and

kingpe ondo era reye ruai-pe, mani-ba-age otong id-pe-an
reach them and girl snatch, mustard seeds you follow-and

rege be betakinga. Engateya kaji ayum ked te kau bau ba-
then you will find them. Mother's words hearing hurriedly
followed

a otong otong teko beta ked kinga. Beta ked king redo-ko
the seeds and found them. Where they came over them
both,

mantri-hon-do ma-a goi teya-ko sanangeyana, Mendo Raja
the minister's son to stay they wanted, But king's daugh-
hon-era esui kaji keda enteko bagetaiya ondo kajia-ko
ter much pleaded then they left him and she said to
tana, "Ain ain-tege apeloin senoa, mendo ainya miad kaji
them," I willingly with you shall go but my one word
ayumepe" Rakshasko aya kaji manatinge-yana-ko. Raja-hon
(Damagurguria bage Re-te)
listen to", The giants her words listened excepting Damag-
urguria, the
era sabin rakshas-ko panti-re tingu ichi ked koa ondo aya
king's daughter made all the giants stand in a line and her
torai olkete sabin misate ma-a goy ked koa. Ente mantri-
sword drawing all together slew. Then with minis-
hon-lo esu saning teking senoyana. Damagurguria esu
ter's son very far went. Damagurguria in the
rengae hoa rupre bodola kan-te aking ayer-pa-re seno tana.
disguise of very poor man before them walked.
Ini nelkete Raja-hon-era esui urui-ana ondo ini sadom gupi
Him seeing king's daughter was much moved and him to graze
the horse.
lagid king keya kia. Huring din bugi tege senoyana mendo
they took. For some days all went well but
musing din Raja-hon-era-a torai sadom-gupi tani sab keda.
one day King's daughter's sword syce took
Ente mantri-hon doye ma-a goe kia ondo Raja-hon-era idi
With it minister's son slew and king's daughter to take
teyae sanangeyana. Musing din Damagurguria-lo daru
ma-a
he intended. One day with Damagurguria to fell
a tree
teking senoyana. Daru ma-a dipilang torai-do ote-re em
went. At the time of felling sword on ground

ada ondo em-torsa-ge Raja-hon-era aya torai sab rua keda.
placed and immediately king's daughter her sword seized.

Ente chanab-do Damagurguria-ye ma-a goy kia Raja-hon era.

Then afterwards Damagurguria slew. King's daughter
do aya goya-kan ham-te ta-te senoyana ondo aye japa-re
to her dead husband went and near him

dubakan-te esui ra-a keda. Huring gari rege Singbonga
sitting much wept, Shortly afterwards God in

buri-era rup lene-te huju lenaye. Buri-era kuli kiaye chi
guise of an old woman came. The old woman asked

"Chikan reyam ra-a tana? Ente Raja hon-era aya duku

"Why are you weeping?" Then king's daughter her sorrows

sabine jagan keda. Chanab-do buri-era esui uruyaua
all related. Afterwards old woman was much moved

ondo enia ham-te jid-rua-kia. Ente chanab-do mantri
and her husband revived. Then afterwards minister's

hon ondo Raja-hon-era-lo en buri-era esuking manting kia.
son and King's daughter that old woman paid much respect.

Huring gari rege en buri-eraye danageyana. Chanab-do
Shortly the old woman vanished. Afterwards

en disum reking rajayana ondo esu ransa-te ham- buri king
in that country they became King and Queen and in great
happiness husband and wife

taiyana.

lived.

Putam Hon. King Rea Kaji *Two Young ones of Dove Story*

Munu rea kaji chi miad putam marang daru re bariae jarom
Long ago one dove big tree on two eggs

ledk. An jarkm kingete aereetedo miad asu bugin andia
laid. Those eggs from the first one very good bull

uri ondo chanabaetedo mido koa tan sitia jonom lena.
and from the second a male child was born.

Koatan sitia do Lita ko nutum kia. Lita marangoin redoe
The boy Lita was named Lita when grew big

andia uri daruite agu kia. An disum rege raja-hon ko
the bull from tree brought down. In that country princes

taikena ondo an ko lo Lita ondo andia uri dimsi king
were and with them Lita and the bull daily both

inunga. Raja-hon ko andia uri chehera nel kite idi tea
played. Princes bull's beauty seeing to take him

ko bichar keda. Musing din raja-hon ko kaji keda,
thought. One day princes said,

"A Lita! tising bu inunga. Am daianredo ale miad uri le
"Aye Lita! to-day we shall play. You if miss we one bull

emama ondo ale daian redo ama uri le idia". Lita eyad
shall give and we if win your bull we shall take." Lita agreed

k oaye ondo inungean redo ko Lita ge daiana-ante uri maid
with them and when they played Lita won and bull one

nam kia.

he got.

Musing din enka ko kaji teda chi Raja hon-ko dai redo
One day they but princes win if

Lita-bauteya uri ko india ondo Lita daiyan redo barso
Lita-brother the bull they will take and Lita win if two-

takae nameya. Enbetnrango Litage daiyana ondo bar-so
hundred rupees will get. That day too Lita won and two-

takae nam keda, Eta musing Raja hon-ko Lita-a andia-
hundred rupees got. Another day princess Lita's bull

uri ondo akoka uri-lo-ko ropo ichi ked kinga, en musingo
and their bull with made them fight, that day too

aya uri-ge daiyana-ondo pura leka taka-ko emaya.
his bull won and much money they gave him,

Enleka-ge hati-lo misa-ko ropo ichi ked kinga, enreyo
Similarly with an elephant once they made them fight, in that too

Lita-a andia uri-ge daiyana ondo joka leka raja-ko emaya.
Lita's bull won and a part of kingdom they gave him.

En dipilang Lita-do esui munda-huju-u tana, ente Raja-hon-
That time Lita very rich began to grow, so princes

ko esuko kurkuro tana ondo andia uri idi teya geko sana-
ngey
very much grow angry and bull to take they wanted.

ana. Chanab-te Raja-hon-ko kaji keda, Lita ama uri-lo
Afterwards princes said "Lita your bull with

top-lo bu larsi kinga". En kaji Lita eya kedtege
cannon let us make them fight". To this word Lita had to agree.

Andia uri kaji keda, "E Lita undi na-do ain top-lo kain
The bull said, "Oh Lita brother this time I with cannon

daigeya enamente am ain gojeyan-re ainya med-king, upnia-
fight, therefore you on my death my two eyes, four

kata-ko ondo chadlom aguruayeme, ente ama oa duar-re topa
feet, and tail you bring, then on your house door bury

tame. Baria kata-king oa bitar-re, baria baranda pare
them. Two feet within the house, two toward the verandah

ondo med-king-do ayer kata king japa-re ondo chadlom-do
and two eyes front feet near and the tail

doya kata king chanab pare topa tame." Andia uri top-lo
hind feet behind bury them." The bull with cannon

larai kenaye mendo haraoyanaye ondo gojeyanaye. Lita ayer
fought but was beaten and he died. Lita as

kajia-kan lekaya rika keda. Raja-hon-ko na-a doko
settled before acted. Princes now

daiyana ondo Lita-a baba-biti-ko reye urai teya-ko
won and Lita's grain and riches to snatch away
bichar keda.

they resolved.

Lita topa tad kataye-te seta-ko, med kinge-te uruking
Buried by Lita from feet dogs, from eyes two black bees
ondo chadlomete aye aye-te hansaoteya hanasa baiyana.
and from tail self-acting whip was made.

Musing din Raja-hon-ko Lita kulaye toa-ko agu ichi tayeya.
One day princes made Lita's milk bring.

Baria uru-king ayer-tege honan kulaye king nam kiya.
The two bees before hand a hare with youngones and found out.

Chanab-do seta ko, uru-king, jadu reya hanasa ondo Lita
Then dogs bees, the magic whip and Lita
honan tate7o senoyana. Uru-king-do kulaye med king tui-
to the hare with youngones went. Bees hare's eyes stung
tana ; chabuk-do kulaye hansa tana, seta kodo Okon pao
the whip whipped the hare, dogs nowhere

kako seno ichiyaia ondo-ko hwaitana. Chanab-do kulaye
allowed her to go and they bit her, Then hare

kaji keda, "Alope gojinga—ape janape sananga enageng
said, "Don't kill me, you whatever like that will

emapea." Lita kaji kedo-chi ale janao bono ama toa go
I give you." Lita said "To us nothing but your milk

ama leme. Kulaye ya keda -ye-ondo Lita toae taue ked-te
give. Hare agreed, and Lita milking her to the

Raja-hon-ko ta-te id keda. Lita teko kulaye toa taue
princes took the milk. Lita while returning after

kete huju ura tan dipilang bauakan kulaye-hon kaji keda chi
milking the hare the eldest hare's son said

eh ma ainyo neko loin senoa. Raja hon-ko tate toa-ko id
"Oh mother I too with these shall go. To the princes they
milk took

keda ondo kulaye honoy kaji keda chineko ainya angain
and young hare also said, "These my mother

tayetege toa doko agua kada ondo ainyo nain hujuakana.
from milk brought and I too have come.

Ente Raja hon-ko-sariyana-ko. Musing din kula toa
Then princes believed, One day tigers, milk

agu leme ko metaiya Nen dipilango kulaye toa chilika
teko

to bring they told him. This time too hare's milk as they

agu leda enka rika kede tege-ko aguleda ondo bauakan kula
brought by doing the same they brought and the
eldest cub

honoye huju lena. Nen dipilango Raja-hon-ko sariyan tege
also came. This time too princes had to believe.

hobayana. Nen hobayan paiti kore Lita-ge daiyan chi
Raja,

In all these feats Lita having won princes

hon-ko esu-ko kurkureyana ondo larai teya-ko din tada.
were greatly angered and to fight they fixed a day.

Lita-a sepai kodo upnia seta-ko. baria uru-king, miad
Lita's soldiers were four dogs, two bees, one whip, one

hanasa, miad kulaye ; ondo mikd kulk ; mendo Raja-hon-koa
hare and one tiger; but princes' soldiers were

sepai kodo pura leka-ko taikena. Lita joko-doy boroy tan
many. Lita somewhat afraid

taikena mendo kulaye kaji keda, "E Lita jokao alom
boro-ya

was but hare said, "Aye Lita, even a bit
don't fear

ain-ge sabin goy chaba koa." Larai hobao tar-re kulaye
I all shall kill." In the battle field hare

upun-hisi mon hambal torai-te misa tege Raja-hon-ko ondo
with four-score maund heavy sword at one stroke princes and

akoa sepai koy ma-a goy ked koa. Raja goy-an redo
Chanab-

their soldiers struck them dead. The king being killed
afterwards

do Lita Rajayanaye, Kula-do mantri lekaye taiyana ondo
kodo

Lita became king. Tiger as minister acted, and the others

aye dasi-ko ondo chitra-ko leka-ko taiyana. Lita
became his servants and followers. Lita

chanab-do Raja honte era andi kete esu suku-te pura-a
sirma

then king's daughter marrying very happily for many years

Lekaye Raja keda.
ruled.

Ritui Gondai Reya Kahani

Ritui Gondai's Story

Sida dipilang Jagannathpur-re mido Jagannathsingh nutum
Long ago at Jagannathpur one Jagannathsingh by name

raja taikena. Aya hati-ko ondo sadow-ko pura leka-ko
a king was. His elephants and horses many

taikena. Sangar-te seno redo aye dub hati-re miad sona
were during hunting excursion his elephant one gold

reya damarkom hakataiya. Kachari oa-do nen barsing
bell hung. His court building the present

mena Ganga ram Mankia oa di-re taikena ondo enteyo hati-
Gangaram Manki's housestead was and there to on ele-

re dubakan tege seno tane taikena. En dipilange
phant sitting he used to go. At that time at

Mirgilindi hatu-re Ritui Gondai Sinku taikena. Ni esu
Mirgilindi village Ritui Gondai Sinku lived. He was very

munda ondo peyaney taikena. Kaji-te ayumoa-chi aye miad
rich and strong was. It is heard that he one

ti-tege gel ho koy taba daiya koa. Nen Ritui Gondaia
hand with ten men could fight. This Ritui Gondai's

hal chal raja-a oa jake setereyana.
news even to king's palace reached.

Musing din Raja-a Gansi hati reya damarkom kumbu kedte
One day King's Ghansi elephant's bell stealing to

Ritui Gondai oa-re uku-te akaring kedaye. Okoy okoy doko
Ritui Gondai's house stealthily sold. Some

meneya-chi en gansige hapate Ritui Gondai oa re haka tuda
say that the Ghansi stealthily in Ritui Gondai's house hung

ente honang Ritui Gondai kumbu sab ichi teyaye bichar
leda.

and to get Ritui Gondai arrested as thief resolved,

Damarkom adeyan re raja sabin hatu ren munda manki ko
khabare

On the loss of the bell king all village Mundas and Mankis news
emadkoa chi okoy sona reya damarkon nam ruainya eni pura
sent that whoever gold bell recover be must

iname namea. Gansi-ko ondo sepai-ko nam tako senoyan-
reward shall get. Ghansis and Sepoys to search went

redo miad abarum-tan sim apir oleyanaye. Apir olen tan
oue sitting on eggs hen flow out. While flying

re en sim sona reya aparob-te taki keda. En oaren gusia-
that hen gold bell with wings struck. That house's owner
do Ritui Gondai. En-ho chanab-do kumbu reko sab kia ondo
was Ritui Gondai. That man afterwards as thief was
arrested and

raja ta teko id kia. Raja chanab-do med reya dinkl te
to the King they took him. King afterwards from Dhenki with
rung goji teyaye hukum keda. Gel ho-ko dinki tega keda
to pound to death ordered. Ten men Dhenki paddled

ondo hisi hote Ritui Gondai ko sab kucha kite sel undu reko
and twenty men Ritui Gondai hold and in the hole they

giti kia Eni ai duna-do dinki tela darom keda chanab-do
lay him down. He seven times Dhenki held back, afterwards
aya sanang tege goy ichi kena. Goyki teko dinki-lo-ko
of his own accord allowed himself to be killed. Killing him
with Dhenki they

topa tayeya. Aye topa kan-ta nen barsing jake neloa.
buried him: The place of his burial is seen to this day.

Eni pukuri kuti reko topa tayeya ondo en pukuri-do nen
He was on the bank of a tank buried and that tank even

barsing jaked Ritui- Gondai pukuri-ko nutum tada. En
these days Ritui Gondai Pukuri they have named. That

pukuri-do Jagannathpurete kata chambra pare mena
tank is to the south of Jagannathpur.

Chikate Taniko Hoko Kako Jo-Joma *How the wild dogs men not-they eat.*

Misa taniko hoko hora sentankø nelad koa.

Once wild dogs men footpath walking saw.

Ente taniko urukeda chi hoko chikate pariya reyo

Then wild dogs thought that men how waste land too

sen senteko hora daiya. Tako menkeda
by walking make footpath. Wild dogs thought

Ohi abu chikate ako leka kabu hora-diaya.
that we how like them not we can make path.

Abudu hora leka. Ente taniko horay lagidte esu jor
We too try to make path. Then wild dogs to make path very hard

sangiteko jikintana ondo jikijikite dubuiko pora
jointly rubbed their hips on land and by rubbing hips wore

chabayana. Mendo jokao kako hora daiyana.
out completely. But even a bit not they could made path.

Ente taniko urukeda, "Nen paiti re gechabu haratingeyana,
Then wild dogs thought, "This work in we are defeated,

eta paitire misabu badabadia. Huring din chanab
other work in once we will compete. Few days after

puraleka hoko marang diri garite oretane taniko neladkoa.
many men big stone in a cart drawing wild dogs saw.

En hoko en diri sasanre ho ten topa lagidko or-hujuetan
Those men that stone burial-ground dead men in order to bury we

taikena. En paitiko nelkedte taniko kajikeda,
drawing. That work they seeing wild dogs said

"Abuo musing diri.orte-bu--sena." Taniko
We too one day stone will go to draw". Wild dogs

sotakote diri tari-utab-kete ore-teako
with poles stone raising from ground wanted to

sanangeyana. Tara tanikodoko tariakada,
draw. Some of the wild dogs raised

ondo tarado ti-kalakoteko udurakada. En
and some with hands and feet pushed That

dipilang tariyakadko laga ked kote a-tada.
time those raising with poles feeling tired let down the poles

Ente udurtanko sabinko diriteko tengojeyana. Chanab

Then those pushing all of them with stone pressed to death.
Afterwards,

jid sareyakan taniko kaji, keda "Hon, hon, abu ako-lo
surviving wild dogs said, "No more, no more, we with them

kabu-lapa daiya enamente ako kabu-jom-daiyako. En
cannot compete therefore them we cannot eat. That

dipilangete taniko abu-hoko kako jombua.
time since wild dogs us-men do not eat.